SCOOBY APOCALYPSE

VOLUME 1

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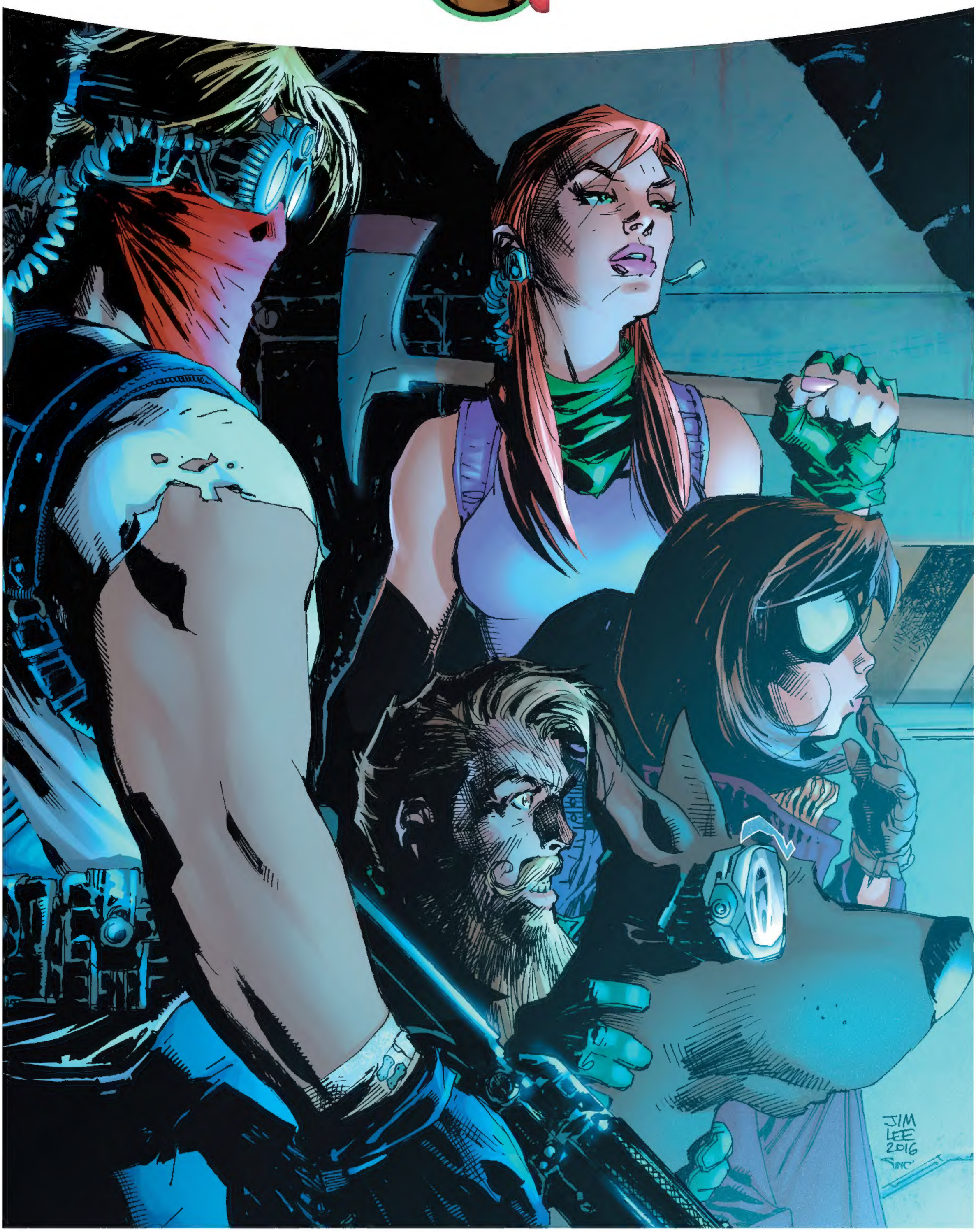

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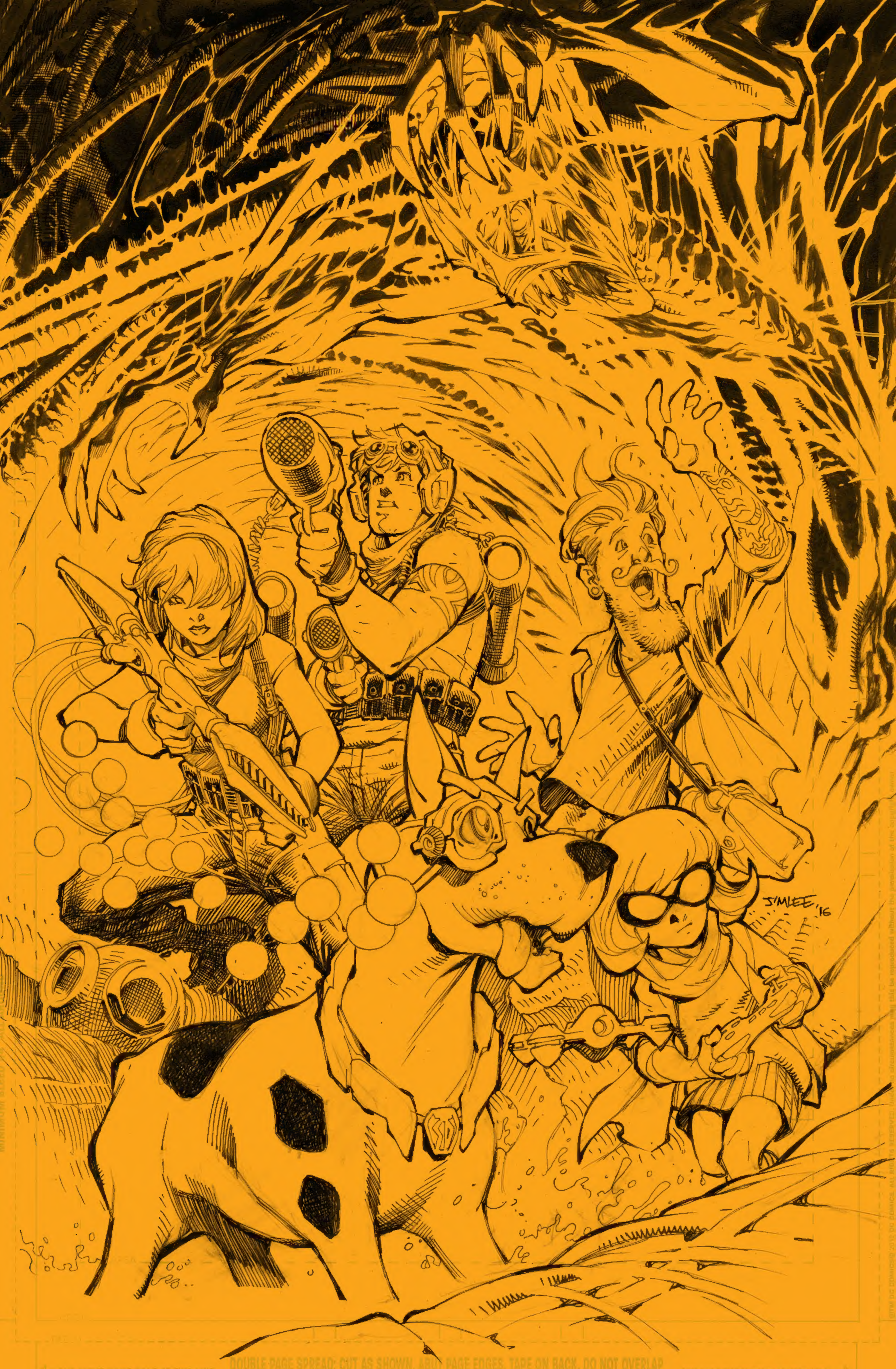

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PARIS. ONE YEAR AGO...

LOOK AT THEM DOWN THERE.

THE ROMANTICS AND THE DREAMERS...

...TAKING STROLLS DOWN THE *CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES*. DRINKING WINE AT CURBSIDE BISTROS. CLIMBING HAND IN HAND, TO THE TOP OF THE EIFFEL TOWER.

EXCHANGING FURTIVE KISSES. PLEDGING UNDYING LOVE.

IDIOTS.

THE WORLD'S GOING TO HELL IN A HANDBASKET AND THEY'RE COATING IT IN A WORTHLESS, ROMANTIC VENEER.

PROJECTING ILLUSIONS AND DELUSIONS ONTO COLD, CRUEL FACTS.

WELL, YOU ALL KEEP SKIPPING MERRILY ONWARD TO OBLIVION. *ME?*

I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING TO SAVE EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU--AND THIS *PLANET* YOU'RE DESTROYING.

I HOPE.

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE

WAITING FOR THE END OF THE WORLD

KEITH GIFFEN
PLOT & BREAKDOWNS

J.M. DEMATTEIS
DIALOGUE & MORE DIALOGUE

HOWARD PORTER PENCILS & INKS

HI-FI COLOR NICK J NAP LETTERS

JIM LEE & ALEX SINCLAIR COVER

...DID I TELL YOU HOW MUCH I HATE CROWDS? ESPECIALLY THE SWEATY, SMELLY KIND?

YOU'RE GETTING A LITTLE RIPE YOURSELF, *FRED.*

MY POINT EXACTLY.

YOU HAVE A *POINT?* ALL YOU'VE BEEN DOING SINCE WE GOT HERE IS COMPLAIN.

CORRECT! AND I'M *VERY GOOD* AT IT!

I STILL DON'T GET IT, *DAPHNE.* WHAT'S THE POINT OF US BEING TRAMPLED BY A BUNCH OF OFF-THE-GRID, GRANOLA-SNORTING WEIRDOS?

SOME OF THESE *"WEIRDOS"* ARE GENUINE VISIONARIES.

MEN AND WOMEN WHO COME HERE FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD TO DISCUSS WAYS TO STOP OUR PLANET FROM SELF-DESTRUCTING.

OH, LOOK. THERE ARE SOME VISIONARIES *NOW--*

--WRITHING NAKED IN THE MUD AND SCREAMING OBSCENITIES IN *ESPERANTO.*

YOU LISTEN TO ME, FRED JONES! WE'RE HERE BECAUSE THINGS *HAPPEN* AT THE BLAZING MAN FESTIVAL--

--BIG, CRAZY, *UNEXPECTED* THINGS!

AND THAT'S *JUST* WHAT OUR AUDIENCE IS LOOKING FOR!

YOU MEAN THE AUDIENCE THAT ABANDONED US IN DROVES TWO YEARS AGO?

WE'LL GET THEM BACK!

PLEASE! WE GOT BOUNCED FROM PRIME TIME ON A MAJOR NETWORK TO THE FOUR A.M. SLOT ON THE *KNITTING CHANNEL!*

OUR ENTIRE AUDIENCE IS SIX INSOMNIAC OLD LADIES WHO DON'T KNOW HOW TO WORK A REMOTE!

DON'T YOU THINK IT'S TIME TO FACE THE FACT THAT *"DAPHNE BLAKE'S MYSTERIOUS MYSTERIES"* IS HISTORY?

IF YOU DON'T HAVE ANY FAITH IN OUR SHOW, WHY ARE YOU EVEN HERE?

BECAUSE I HAVE FAITH IN *YOU,* DAPH. AND I THINK IT'S TIME YOU-- THAT WE *BOTH*--MOVED ON TO BIGGER AND BETTER THINGS.

THIS SHOW IS MY LIFE, AND I'M GONNA GET IT OFF LIFE SUPPORT AND BACK TO THE TOP OF THE RATINGS--

--OR *DIE TRYING!*

A TAD MELODRAMATIC, DON'T YOU THINK?

MELODRAMA IS RATINGS! NOW ARE YOU WITH ME...

...OR DO I FIND A NEW CAMERAMAN?

I'M WITH YOU. I'M *ALWAYS* WITH YOU.

SIGH YOU THINK YOU'D *KNOW* THAT BY NOW.

WELL, COME ON THEN. WE'VE GOT TO TRACK DOWN OUR INFORMANT!

WHO *IS* THIS MYSTERIOUS INFORMANT...

...AND WHAT DOES SHE HAVE TO TELL US THAT'S SO IMPORTANT?

YOU'LL SEE.

YOU HAVE *NO IDEA,* DO YOU?

EH...NOT REALLY. BUT OUR WHISTLEBLOWER SAID SHE HAD INFORMATION THAT WAS VITAL TO THE SURVIVAL OF THE PLANET.

IN OTHER WORDS: A *NUTCASE.*

HEY...

...CHECK IT OUT! THAT'S THE HOST OF THAT LOW-RENT MYSTERY SHOW ON THE KNITTING CHANNEL!

I WATCH IT SOMETIMES WHEN I'M VISITING MY *NANA.* SHE HAS A HARD TIME SLEEPIN' AND--

ARE YOU EVEN *LISTENING* TO ME?

RUH-UH.

AW, C'MON, *SCOOBY,* DON'T BE LIKE THIS!

I PUT MY JOB ON THE LINE TAKIN' YOU OUT OF *THE COMPLEX* FOR A WALK! WE'VE GOTTA KEEP A LOW PROFILE!

IF I PUT THE *HEADSET* ON YOU, YOU'RE GONNA STICK OUT LIKE A SORE THUMB! EVERYBODY AROUND HERE'S GONNA BE STARIN' AT YOU AN'--

RAT *ME...?*

UH--

OKAY...

...I SEE YOUR *POINT.*

ONE PAIR OF *EMOTIGOGGLES*--

--COMIN' UP!

SIT STILL, THOUGH. I WANNA MAKE SURE THE INTERFACE IS FIRING JUST RIGHT.

THERE WE GO. CYBERWARE'S ACTIVATED! LET ME MAKE SURE THE RECEIVERS IN MY *CONTACT LENSES* ARE LINKED AND...

...PERFECTO! NOW WHAT SAY THE TWO OF US GO GRAB SOME GRUBSKI?

MMMMMM!

I THINK I SAW A STALL BACK THERE WITH INDIAN FOOD--

RUH-UH.

CHINESE?

ROPE.

PIZZA, HUH?

REPPERONI.

HEY--IT'S *YOUR* SPECIAL DAY OUT. YOU NAME IT, I'LL EAT IT.

I MEAN, LET'S FACE IT--

--MY CULINARY STANDARDS AREN'T EXACTLY HIGH.

UH... DOCTOR DINKLEY?

YES, MR. BARRY?

THAT HIPSTER-DOOFUS HAS ONE OF THE SUBJECTS ON THE OUTSIDE. AGAIN.

WHICH HIPSTER-DOOFUS AND WHICH SUBJECT?

THE HAIRY ONE.

ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT THE DOG OR THE MAN?

THE MAN. ALTHOUGH, THE WAY THAT GUY ROGERS EATS, IT'S HARD T'TELL THE DIFFERENCE.

OH... ROGERS.

THAT MEANS HE'S WITH NUMBER 24602--THE ONE WE CALL SCOOBY-DOO.

LET THEM GO FOR NOW. WHEN THEY GET BACK, MAKE IT CLEAR TO MR. ROGERS THAT THIS BEHAVIOR WILL NOT BE TOLERATED.

BUT THAT'S WHAT WE TOLD HIM LAST TIME. I REALLY THINK I SHOULD GET A TEAM OUT THERE AND--

AND RUN THE RISK OF EXPOSURE? RIGHT NOW THEY LOOK LIKE TWO MORE COLORFUL FIGURES IN A CROWD OF THOUSANDS.

BUT--

ROGERS MAY BE A DOOFUS, BUT HE'S A GENTLE, GOOD-HEARTED DOOFUS. AND SO IS THE DOG.

YOUR TEAM WILL ONLY EXACERBATE THE SITUATION.

END OF CONVERSATION.

BUT--

I'LL BE IN MY QUARTERS. DO NOT DISTURB ME FOR THE NEXT HOUR--

--OR YOU'LL BE OUT OF A JOB BEFORE ROGERS IS.

SHALL I ACCOMPANY YOU, DOCTOR?

NO THANK YOU, MR. COLTON.

I'M QUITE CAPABLE OF FINDING MY WAY...

...AND THE *LAST* THING I WANT IS ONE OF YOU GOONS FOLLOWING ME.

AFTER ALL, I'M ABOUT TO BETRAY THE COMPLEX AND EVERYONE IN IT. BUT IF THAT'S WHAT'S NEEDED IN ORDER TO SAVE THE WORLD FROM AN *UNPARALLELED DISASTER*--

--THEN THAT'S *EXACTLY* WHAT I'M GOING TO DO.

OF COURSE, IF THEY CATCH ME, IT WILL BE THE END OF MY CAREER-- AND PROBABLY MY LIFE.

BUT WHAT DOES MY ONE LIFE MATTER WHEN *EVERY LIFE* ON EARTH IS AT STAKE?

WELL, ACTUALLY, MY LIFE MATTERS A *LOT*. I'VE GROWN VERY FOND OF BREATHING AND WAKING UP IN THE MORNING AND--

AND I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M *TALKING OUT LOUD* TO MYSELF IN A FACILITY WITH LISTENING DEVICES EVERYWHERE!

COME ON, *VELMA*--CLEAR YOUR MIND... FOCUS...

"...AND GET UP THERE BEFORE YOUR FEAR GETS THE BETTER OF YOU!"

...THE NUTCASE IS LATE.

BY TWO MINUTES. SHE'LL *BE* HERE.

YOU SPOKE TO THE WOMAN ONCE...FOR TEN MINUTES. WHY DO YOU BELIEVE HER?

BECAUSE OF THE CONVICTION IN HER VOICE.

SHE'S ON TO SOMETHING, FRED. SOMETHING VITAL.

I COULD TELL.

AND THE PERSON THIS WHISTLEBLOWER CHOSE TO *REVEAL* THIS VITAL INFORMATION TO IS THE HOST OF A LOW-RATED BASIC CABLE TELEVISION SHOW?

HEY--BEFORE I LAUNCHED *"MYSTERIOUS MYSTERIES"* I WAS A PULITZER PRIZE WINNING REPORTER!

YOU NEVER WON A PULITZER.

NO, BUT I *COULD* HAVE--IF I'D WANTED TO STAY IN THE WORLD OF MAINSTREAM JOURNALISM.

BUT THEY TRAFFIC IN LIES. DISTORTIONS. FEEDING THE MASSES COMFORTING MYTHS WHILE THE POWER MONGERS GET RICHER AND--

I'VE HEARD THIS A THOUSAND TIMES BEFORE...AND IT'S NOT THAT I DISAGREE WITH YOU...

...BUT DON'T YOU THINK YOU COULD MAKE MORE OF A DIFFERENCE IF YOU WERE WORKING *INSIDE* THE MAINSTREAM INSTEAD OF--

I'VE HEARD *THAT* A THOUSAND TIMES BEFORE-- AND THE ANSWER IS STILL NO!

LISTEN TO ME, FRED. I KNOW THAT-- BENEATH THAT SELF-DOUBTING, MILDLY NEUROTIC EXTERIOR--LIES THE HEART OF A LION.

YOU'RE A *BRAVE MAN,* AND I BELIEVE THAT TOGETHER WE CAN--

GAH!

MOLE PEOPLE!

TONK

"MOLE PEOPLE"?

DON'T YOU REMEMBER THE EPISODE WE DID ABOUT THAT LOST CIVILIZATION AT THE EARTH'S CORE?

MAN, I STILL HAVE NIGHTMARES ABOUT THOSE CREEPY LITTLE GUYS WITH THEIR BIG EYES AND--

"MOLE PEOPLE"?!

I... UH...GUESS MAYBE I PANICKED--

--JUST A LITTLE...?

=SIGH= "MOLE PEOPLE."

"WHAT DO YOU *MEAN* IT'S MADE WITH TOFU CHEESE AND NOMATO SAUCE?"

AND A RICE CRUST, BROTHER. COMPLETELY GLUTEN FREE.

B-BUT THAT'S NOT PIZZA... THAT'S--

I DON'T KNOW *WHAT* IT IS!

I GUARANTEE, BROTHER, THAT YOU AND YOUR CANINE COMPANION WILL LOVE IT.

AND IF WE DON'T, DO I GET MY MONEY BACK?

OF *COURSE* NOT.

THANKS... BROTHER.

RUCK.

SORRY, BUDDY. IT'S THE CLOSEST THING T'PIZZA AROUND HERE.

YEAH, IT *DOES* SMELL LIKE POOP. AND WHO'D KNOW BETTER THAN YOU?

...GRRRRRR...

HEY-- DON'T GET YOUR HACKLES IN AN UPROAR! IT WAS JUST A JOKE!

ALTHOUGH, T'BE HONEST, YOU DO SPEND A LOT OF TIME SNIFFING OTHER DOGS' BUTTS.

SCOOB...?

...RRRRRR...

HEY, BUDDY--

--GET *BACK* HERE!

SCOOBY!!

GEEZ--

"--WHO KNEW GREAT DANES WERE SO *SENSITIVE...?*"

...LADY! LADY--C'MON! *WAKE UP!*

YOU REALLY THINK SLAPPING HER IS GOING TO HELP?

IT WORKS IN THE MOVIES!

YOU ALREADY HIT HER IN THE HEAD WITH A CAMERA--PLEASE DON'T MAKE IT WORSE.

I CANNOT BELIEVE THIS! I CAME HERE LOOKING FOR A REVELATION...

...AND WE'RE GOING TO END UP WITH *ASSAULT CHARGES* INSTEAD!

I WAS *PROTECTING* YOU!

FROM *MOLE PEOPLE!*

MOLE PEOPLE *BITE!*

MOLE PEOPLE *AREN'T REAL!*

...UNNGH...

CAN I SAY SOMETHING?

WHAT?!

YOU TWO REALLY SUCK AT *"HELLOS."*

I-I'M SO SORRY! Y'SEE, I THOUGHT YOU WERE A MOLE PERSON AND--

FORGET IT. IT'S BEEN ONE OF THOSE DAYS AND--

--WAIT, YOU THOUGHT I WAS A *WHAT?*

NEVER MIND HIM.

WITH PLEASURE. YOU'RE DAPHNE BLAKE, CORRECT?

RIGHT. AND WE--

KRRRRR

RRRRRR

WEREWOLF!

THAT'S *NOT* A WEREWOLF!

I DON'T *THINK.*

HE MUST'VE READ THE FIELD EMANATIONS FROM MY GLASSES, AND PERCEIVED YOU TWO AS A *THREAT!*

THAT DOESN'T SOUND GOOD.

GET BEHIND ME, DAPH! I WON'T LET THAT MONSTER NEAR YOU!

SCOOBY!

HEEL!

"SCOOBY"?

RO-KAY!

SCOOBY!

SCOOBY-DOO--WHERE *ARE*--

OH. *THERE* YOU ARE!

WHAT WERE YOU THINKIN' RUNNING OFF LIKE THAT AND--

DOCTOR DINKLEY...?

YOUR LAST NAME IS DINKLEY...?

THAT'S THE LEAST OF OUR PROBLEMS.

WHY'RE YOU OUT HERE, DOC? YOU *NEVER* LEAVE THE COMPLEX!

AN' WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' WITH THE SMOKIN' HOT BABE FROM *"MYSTERIOUS MYSTERIES"*?

FIRST OF ALL, I FIND THE PHRASE *"SMOKING HOT BABE"* PROFOUNDLY OFFENSIVE. SECOND OF ALL...

...IF YOU'VE GOT PEN AND PAPER I'D BE *DELIGHTED* TO GIVE YOU AN AUTOGRAPH!

"AUTOGRAPHS"? ARE YOU INSANE?

NOT INSANE, JUST EGOTISTICAL. ALTHOUGH THE TRUTH IS, IN ORDER TO MAKE IT IN TELEVISION, YOU *NEED* A HEALTHY EGO OR--

QUIET!

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND THAT ROGERS HOLDS OUR LIVES IN HIS HANDS?

I DO...?

IF HE INFORMS HIS SUPERIORS THAT I'M OUT HERE MEETING WITH YOU, THEN--

HEY, YOU KNOW ME BETTER THAN THAT, DOC! SO, LIKE, MAYBE IF YOU TELL ME *WHY* YOU'RE OUT HERE, I CAN HELP!

ALL RIGHT, THEN...

"...LET'S HEAD DOWN INTO THE COMPLEX."

PHHHT

...WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

IT WAS CREATED AS THE DOORWAY TO HOPE. BUT NOW, MR. JONES, I'M AFRAID--

"--THAT IT'S BECOME THE DOORWAY TO *HELL.*"

"DOORWAY TO HELL"? WHAT'RE YOU *TALKIN'* ABOUT, DOC?

IT'S JUST A LOW-LEVEL MILITARY RESEARCH FACILITY, RIGHT? I MEAN THE WORK WITH SCOOB AN' THE OTHER DOGS IS--

IS A DISTRACTION. A SIDE PROJECT FOR THE GOVERNMENT THAT HELPS FUND *PROJECT ELYSIUM.*

PROJECT *WHAT?*

SO THIS PLACE *ISN'T* MILITARY?

THE COMPLEX IS A PRIVATELY FUNDED GROUP OF CONCERNED SCIENTISTS. *FOUR* OF THEM, TO BE PRECISE.

CONCERNED ABOUT WHAT?

THE ULTIMATE SURVIVAL...

...OF THE HUMAN RACE.

THAT'S A PRETTY BROAD AGENDA. CARE TO EXPLAIN?

I WILL--WHEN WE GET DOWN INTO *THE SAFE ZONE.*

THERE'S NO PLACE IN THE COMPLEX CALLED *"THE SAFE ZONE"!*

YOU'RE A *DOG TRAINER,* MR. ROGERS. THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS ABOUT THIS PLACE YOU DON'T KNOW.

CALL ME *SHAGGY.* ALL MY BUDDIES DO.

ACCORDING TO YOUR PERSONNEL RECORDS, YOUR FIRST NAME IS *NORVILLE.* AND I'M NOT YOUR BUDDY.

WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT, DINKLEY? WHY DID YOU CALL US?

READ IT FOR YOUR-SELF.

RANDOM PAPERS ON A CLIPBOARD?

THE FOUR MADE VERY SURE--

--THAT NOTHING ABOUT THE TRUE NATURE OF THEIR WORK WAS ENTERED INTO ANY COMPUTER IN THE COMPLEX.

SOUNDS KINDA PARANOID.

SOUNDS *EXTREMELY* PARANOID. AND WITH GOOD REASON.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT I WENT THROUGH TO GET MY HANDS ON THIS INFORMATION...TO *EXPOSE* IT?

WHAT, EXACTLY, IS YOUR POSITION HERE, DOC?

THAT DOESN'T MATTER. WHAT MATTERS IS THE *TRUTH.*

THIS... THIS CAN'T BE *AUTHENTIC.*

OH, I ASSURE YOU IT IS.

NANITES-- DISPERSED ACROSS THE WORLD LIKE A *CONTAGION?*

NANITES? AREN'T THOSE, LIKE...*MICROSCOPIC MACHINES?*

CORRECT. AND THESE PARTICULAR MACHINES ROOT-- UNSEEN--IN THEIR HUMAN HOSTS. *TRANSFORMING* THEM--

INTO *WHAT?*

THAT IS THE QUESTION.

THE FOUR'S ORIGINAL INTENTION WAS TO, ESSENTIALLY, INFECT HUMANITY WITH A TECHNO-VIRUS--

INFECT US?

--RESTRUCTURING AND REBUILDING OUR SPECIES SO THAT--

HANG ON *JUST ONE MINUTE!*

I'VE BEEN WORKING HERE FOR *THREE YEARS!* I'VE SEEN *EVERY INCH* OF THIS PLACE!

THERE'S NO *SAFE ZONE!* NO *SECRET SCIENTISTS!* NO HIDDEN *NANITE LABORATORY!*

THE COMPLEX DEVELOPS ENHANCED TECHNOLOGY FOR UNCLE SAM--LIKE THE *HEADGEAR* SCOOBY'S WEARING!

Y'SEE, MY BUDDY HERE'S A *SMARTDOG PROTOTYPE* AND--

WHAT HE *IS*--

--IS A *FAILURE.*

DON'T *CALL* HIM THAT!

YOU KNOW AS WELL AS *I* DO, MR. ROGERS, THAT SCOOBY WAS ONE OF OUR EARLIEST ATTEMPTS AT THE SMART-DOG--

--BUT HE LACKED BOTH THE KILLER INSTINCTS AND THE INTELLIGENCE THE GOVERNMENT REQUIRED.

OF *COURSE* HE DOESN'T HAVE KILLER INSTINCTS! SCOOB'S A SWEETHEART!

RANK YOU!

AND YOU'VE HEARD HIM *TALK!* HOW CAN YOU SAY HE'S NOT INTELLIGENT?

WE IMPLANTED COMPUTER CHIPS THAT STIMULATE THE *LANGUAGE CENTERS* OF THE DOGS' BRAINS.

SOME OF THE TEST SUBJECTS CONVERSE WITH MORE SKILL THAN YOU DO...

...YET SCOOBY'S VERBAL SKILLS HAVE HARDLY ADVANCED BEYOND A TODDLER'S.

HE'S A SWEET DOG, BUT AS FAR AS THE PROGRAM GOES, HE'S A CATASTROPHE.

I THINK *YOU'RE* THE CATASTROPHE, DOC! YOU DON'T HAVE ANY SECRET INFORMATION TO SHARE, DO YOU?

YOU'RE JUST SOME LOONY TRYIN' T'GET ATTENTION FOR HERSELF--

--AN' IT'S HIGH TIME I CALLED *SECURITY* T'COME AN' TAKE YOU AWAY!

SIGH I'LL PROBABLY GET INTO MORE TROUBLE FOR LETTING THESE SO-CALLED REPORTERS IN HERE--

"SO-CALLED"?

--BUT A SHAGGY'S GOTTA DO WHAT A SHAGGY'S GOTTA--

WAIT A MINUTE... WHERE ARE WE? I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS AREA BEFORE.

OF *COURSE* YOU HAVEN'T. IT'S RESTRICTED.

AS I TOLD YOU BEFORE, ROGERS--YOU'RE JUST A DOG TRAINER. YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING.

WAIT. YOU'RE SAYIN' THAT EVERYTHING YOU TOLD US ABOUT THE NANITE PLAGUE-- *IS TRUE?*

SADLY--

--IT IS.

BEEEP EEP EEP EEEP

WELCOME TO THE HEART OF PROJECT ELYSIUM.

WELCOME TO THE SAFE ZONE.

ZOINKS!

THAT'S ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT.

BUT-- WHERE IS EVERY-BODY?

GONE FOR THE DAY--LEAVING JUST A SKELETON STAFF. WHICH IS WHY THIS WAS THE PERFECT TIME TO SNEAK YOU IN.

I HOPE YOU'RE GETTING ALL THIS, MR. JONES.

EVERY INCH OF IT!

BUT WHY IS IT CALLED THE SAFE ZONE?

BECAUSE YOUR GROUP OF *"CONCERNED"* SCIENTISTS WILL BE LOCKED AWAY HERE--SAFE AND SOUND...

...WHILE THOSE NANITES COMPLETE THEIR WORK.

PRECISELY.

BUT--WHAT KINDA WORK? Y'SAID THE NANITES WERE GONNA *TRANSFORM HUMANITY.*

HOW?

THE ORIGINAL INTENT OF PROJECT ELYSIUM WAS TO WEED OUT MAN'S BASER INSTINCTS--GREED... ANGER... THE URGE TO VIOLENCE--

--PROVIDING THE BIOLOGICAL TEMPLATE FOR A MORE *ABUNDANT AND PEACEFUL* WORLD.

"ORIGINAL INTENT"?

IT BALLOONED... *CONSIDERABLY* BEYOND THAT.

AND YOU'D KNOW--*WOULDN'T* YOU, DOCTOR DINKLEY?

WHADDA YOU MEAN?

ACCORDING TO THESE DOCUMENTS, SHE WAS ONE OF THE TEAM THAT DISPERSED THE TECH VIRUS FROM KEY POINTS ON THE PLANET.

LONDON, PARIS, MUMBAI, MOSCOW, BEIJING. AND THE NANITES WERE *SELF-REPLICATING*--SPREADING QUICKLY TO EVERY CORNER OF THE GLOBE.

PROJECT ELYSIUM WAS CREATED TO *SAVE THE WORLD.*

IT JUST DIDN'T WORK OUT THAT WAY.

ISN'T IT TIME YOU TOLD US WHAT HAPPENED?

WELL, FOR A START, I REALIZED THAT THE FI... THE *FOUR* SCIENTISTS THAT RAN THE COMPLEX MAY HAVE HAD ANOTHER AGENDA.

MEANING?

THEY WEREN'T JUST WEEDING OUT THE NEGATIVES IN HUMAN NATURE, THEY WERE *BREEDING* IN A KIND OF... *PASSIVITY.*

RUH-ROH.

"RUH-ROH" INDEED.

I LEARNED TOO LATE... THAT THEIR INTENTION WAS TO PACIFY THE WORLD POPULATION.

YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND THAT THEIR MOTIVES WERE PURE. THEY SINCERELY WANTED TO END WAR AND HUNGER. TO RESTORE A BIOSPHERE IN COLLAPSE AND--

"THEIR MOTIVES WERE PURE"?!

I'M SURE *HITLER* FELT THE SAME WAY!

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? THAT'S WHY I *CALLED* YOU! I WANT TO *STOP* IT BEFORE--

STOP IT? BUT IT'S ALREADY DONE! THE NANITES HAVE BEEN RELEASED!

SO WHY HAVEN'T WE ALL TURNED INTO *SHEEPLE*--READY FOR OUR *"BENEVOLENT"* OVERLORDS TO GIVE US OUR MARCHING ORDERS?

BECAUSE THE VIRUS IS STILL DORMANT. IT WON'T ACTIVATE UNTIL THE FOUR--AND *ONLY* THE FOUR--KEY IN THE ACTIVATION PROTOCOL.

SO YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS WAIT OUT THE TRANSFORMATION IN THIS MICRO-SEALED CHAMBER AND THEN--WHEN THE NANITES HAVE DONE THEIR JOB--YOU RISE UP...

...AND TAKE OVER A *PLANET OF DOCILE SLAVES!*

THAT'S YOUR PLAN FOR SAVING THE WORLD?!

IT... IT WASN'T MY PLAN, IT WAS THEIRS. I WAS JUST--

FOLLOWING ORDERS?

HEY, HEY--*BACK OFF!*

YOU WOULDN'T EVEN BE HERE IF IT WASN'T FOR DOCTOR DINKLEY--

--SO INSTEAD OF RAGGIN' ON HER, WE SHOULD BE WORKIN' OUT A WAY *T'STOP* THIS MESS!

AND HOW DO WE DO THAT?

I DUNNO! I'M NO SCIENTIST!

THAT'S PAINFULLY OBVIOUS.

WELL, DAPH-- LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT THE BIG STORY YOU WERE LOOKING FOR. TOO BAD THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT'S GONNA END--

--OR YOU'D BE A *RATINGS SENSATION* AGAIN.

WAS THAT A JOKE?

UH-*HUH.*

KRONK

NOT FUNNY...?

OKAY, DINKLEY. IF THERE IS A WAY TO STOP IT, YOU'D BETTER TELL US--*RIGHT NOW*--BEFORE--

AHOOOOOGA

WHAT *IS* THAT?

AHOOO

AHOOO

"I WISH I *KNEW.*"

THE COMPLEX: THREE YEARS AGO.

...THIS PLACE IS AMAZING, *MR. BLATTSKY.* NO WONDER I HAD TO SIGN A TWO HUNDRED PAGE CONTRACT AND 72 NON-DISCLOSURE AGREEMENTS!

YES, WELL, I KNOW IT CAN BE OVERWHELMING AT FIRST--BUT WITH TIME IT WILL ALL SEEM QUITE MUNDANE. A JOB IS A JOB, RIGHT?

HEY, I'M A LOW-RENT *DOG TRAINER.* LANDING A GIG WORKING IN A PLACE THAT DEVELOPS SUPER-TECH FOR THE MILITARY IS NEVER GONNA SEEM MUNDANE T'ME.

PLUS, I GET *DENTAL COVERAGE!* HOW COOL IS THAT?

WHEN SHAGGY MET SCOOBY!

by GIFFEN, DeMATTEIS & PORTER
HI-FI: color TRAVIS LANHAM: letters

I'D HARDLY CALL YOU "LOW-RENT," MR. ROGERS. YOUR TEST SCORES WERE QUITE IMPRESSIVE. YOU HAVE AN EXTRAORDINARILY HIGH *"CANINE IQ."*

WHICH MEANS...?

YOU SHARE AN EMPATHIC BOND WITH THE ANIMALS. THE DOGS RELATE TO YOU ON THEIR OWN LEVEL-- ALMOST AS IF YOU'RE ONE OF THEM.

WHICH, GIVEN YOUR *BREATH,* MAKES PERFECT SENSE!

SAY WHAT?

NOTHING, NOTHING.

TRUTH IS, DUDE, I'VE ALWAYS FELT MORE COMFORTABLE AROUND DOGS THAN PEOPLE.

THEN WE'VE CLEARLY HIRED THE RIGHT MAN!

SO...IS THERE ANYTHING SPECIAL I NEED TO KNOW?

WELL, THE ANIMALS ARE HIGHLY INTELLIGENT. PROFOUNDLY SENSITIVE.

THEY ARE, AS I'VE EXPLAINED, THE FIRST SUBJECTS IN OUR *SMART DOG PROGRAM.* WE HOPE THAT THEY'LL PROVE TO BE OF GREAT VALUE TO THE MILITARY...

...BOTH DOMESTICALLY AND IN OVERSEAS COMBAT OPERATIONS.

BUT, REALLY, YOUR JOB IS TO SEE THAT THE SUBJECTS ARE WELL-FED, EXERCISED...

...AND DON'T *EAT* EACH OTHER.

THAT'S A JOKE, RIGHT?

OF COURSE. THE DOGS DO HAVE SOME *DISCIPLINARY* ISSUES...

BOOMP

HEY!

WATCH WHERE YOU'RE *GOIN',* LADY!

THAT WAS NO LADY, THAT WAS *DOCTOR DINKLEY.*

SHE A BIGWIG AROUND HERE?

BASED ON THE WAY SHE TREATS EVERYONE ELSE, I'D SAY YES.

YOU'D *SAY?* DON'T YOU KNOW?

WE'RE GIVEN PRECIOUS LITTLE INFORMATION ABOUT MATTERS ABOVE OUR PAY GRADE.

THAT SAID, I'D ADVISE YOU TO STEER CLEAR OF DINKLEY.

THERE'S SOMETHING *SPOOKY* ABOUT HER.

TOO BAD. SHE'S KINDA CUTE.

YOU'RE NOT HERE FOR THE DATING POOL, ROGERS. NOW COME INSIDE...

...AND I'LL SHOW YOU AROUND THE *KENNEL.*

THIS DECK WILL BE YOUR BASE OF OPERATIONS. YOU'LL BE ABLE TO OBSERVE THE DOGS' BEHAVIOR AND SOCIAL INTERACTIONS, MONITOR THEIR MEDICAL SCANS AND--

UH... BLATTSKY?

PLEASE SAVE YOUR QUESTIONS FOR WHEN THE ORIENTATION IS OVER. WE'VE GOT A LOT OF MATERIAL TO--

FORGET *THAT,* DUDE! WE'VE GOTTA *DO* SOMETHIN' FAST--

--OR THE LITTLE GUY'S GONNA GET TORN APART!

=SIGH= NOT AGAIN.

AGAIN? HOW OFTEN DOES THIS HAPPEN?

SUBJECT 24602 WAS THE ORIGINAL *SMART DOG PROTOTYPE,* BUT THE RESULTS OF OUR EXPERIMENTS WERE... LESS THAN ENCOURAGING.

WE SOON BROUGHT IN OTHER SUBJECTS WHO PROVED MORE SUITABLE FOR THE PROGRAM. UNFORTUNATELY...

GRRROWWWWRRRRRRR

...THEY SENSED 24602'S WEAKNESS AND BEGAN HARASSING HIM IN ORDER TO PROVE THEIR DOMINANCE.

DUDE, IT'S GETTIN' *REALLY* UGLY DOWN THERE!

NOT TO WORRY. WE CAN RELEASE A *SEDATIVE SPRAY* THAT WILL CALM THE DOGS AND--

ROGERS! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

WE WAIT FOR A SEDATIVE T'TAKE EFFECT...

...AN' THE LITTLE GUY'S GONNA BE *DOG-FOOD!*

GROWWWR! ROWWWWW! GROWWWF!

SHRRR

RRIIIP

ROWWFF!

ROOOOF!

K-CHOMMP

RRRRRRRRR

HEY!

BACK THE HELL OFF!

NOW!

YOU HEARD ME!

GO!

THAT WAS EXTREMELY RECKLESS, PROFOUNDLY STUPID...

...AND *QUITE* IMPRESSIVE!

THANKS. I THINK.

WE SHOULD HAVE HAD THIS POOR CREATURE ***DESTROYED*** MONTHS AGO. DEATH WOULD CERTAINLY BE PREFERABLE TO THIS.

=SIGH= I'LL WRITE UP THE ORDER AND--

DESTROYED? NOT ON *MY* WATCH!

BUT YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED! AND IT'S GOING TO *KEEP* HAPPENING UNLESS--

UNLESS I TEACH THE LITTLE GUY TO DEFEND HIMSELF, AND TEACH THE OTHERS TO RESPECT HIM!

IF YOU CAN DO THAT, I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOU GET A RAISE!

REALLY?

NO. BUT I'LL BUY YOU A BEER AFTER WORK!

DEAL!

JUST REMEMBER THAT THE COMPLEX ISN'T LIABLE FOR ANY INJURIES YOU SUSTAIN ON THE JOB!

WAIT. *WHAT?*

YOU SHOULD'VE TAKEN A CLOSER LOOK AT THOSE CONTRACTS YOU SIGNED!

WELL, GOOD LUCK, ROGERS! AND IF YOU HAPPEN TO GET DISEMBOWELED BEFORE THE NEXT TIME I SEE YOU...

...IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE MAKING YOUR ACQUAINTANCE!

"DISEMBOWELED"?

THAT'S IT! DENTAL BENEFITS OR NO DENTAL BENEFITS, I'M TELLIN' BLATTSKY THAT I'M QUITTING, EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY. AND--

NO, NO, NO. DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT!

YOU REALLY CAN'T EXPECT ME TO--

I MEAN, THOSE OTHER DOGS. THEY'RE THE NASTIEST BUNCH OF--

RUV RU!

I DON'T CARE IF YOU--

WAIT. DID YOU JUST *TALK?*

RUH- *HUH.*

OH, MAN, I *REALLY* SHOULD'VE READ THOSE CONTRACTS.

END

JIM LEE '16

DAD BOT

DCC037854

THE COMPLEX: SOMEWHERE BENEATH THE NEVADA DESERT.

...EMERGENCY GENERATORS KICKED IN. THAT MEANS THE LOCKS SHOULD BE NEUTRALIZED.

"NEUTRALIZED"?

WOULDN'T YOU WANT TO BE LOCKED IN DURING AN EMERGENCY?

SURE, *FRED*. IF YOU WANTED TO BE TRAPPED AND DIE A WRETCHED DEATH.

POINT TAKEN, *DOCTOR DINKLEY*.

NOW THE THREE OF YOU PUT YOUR SHOULDERS TO THE WHEEL AND PUSH!

THE THREE OF US? WHAT ABOUT YOU?

I'M A SCIENTIFIC GENIUS, *MISS BLAKE*--I DON'T DO MANUAL LABOR.

YOU DO *NOW!*

HEY! NO SHOVING!

COOL YOUR JETS, YOU TWO! WE'RE IN TROUBLE HERE, AN' THE LAST THING WE NEED T'BE DOING IS ARGUING!

MUCH AS I HATE TO ADMIT IT, *NORVILLE* IS RIGHT.

I TOLD YA, DOC, ALL MY PALS CALL ME *SHAGGY*.

AND I TOLD *YOU*--I'M NOT YOUR *"PAL,"* I'M YOUR BOSS.

"BOSSY" IS MORE LIKE IT! YOU REALLY DO ENJOY TELLING EVERYONE WHAT TO--

SHHHHPPPP

HEY! THE DOOR...

...IT'S OPENING!

LET'S HOPE THAT'S A GOOD THING.

WHY WOULDN'T IT BE?

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE

APOCALYPSE RIGHT NOW!

OH, I DUNNO... MAYBE 'CAUSE YOU AND YOUR SCIENTIST PALS UNLEASHED A TOP SECRET *NANITE PLAGUE* ON THE WORLD AND THEN THE WHOLE COMPLEX WENT *DARK* AND--

THEN ALL OF HUMANITY'S BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO *MINDLESS, OBEDIENT SLAVES!*

LET'S NOT GET AHEAD OF THE GAME. IT'S PROBABLY JUST A COMPUTER GLITCH.

RIGHT. OR IT COULD BE THE END OF THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT.

OH, MAN, I *REALLY* LOVE THAT SONG.

KEITH GIFFEN
PLOT & BREAKDOWNS
J.M. DeMATTEIS
DIALOGUE & MORE DIALOGUE
HOWARD PORTER PENCILS & INKS
HI-FI COLOR NICK J. NAP LETTERS
JIM LEE & ALEX SINCLAIR COVER

SO IS IT A GLITCH?

I...THINK SO.

YOU THINK?

ALTHOUGH THE NANITES WERE DISPERSED MONTHS AGO, THEY CAN'T BE ACTIVATED UNTIL EACH ONE OF THE FOUR SCIENTISTS IN CHARGE OF *PROJECT ELYSIUM* KEYS IN A UNIQUE PROTOCOL...

...AND THEY'RE NOT EVEN *IN* THE COMPLEX TODAY!

BUT YOUR READOUTS INDICATED THEY *WERE* ACTIVATED!

WHICH MAKES NO SENSE!

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, DOC, WHAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE IS WHY YOU KEPT WORKIN' FOR THOSE FOUR NUTJOBS AFTER YOU FOUND OUT THAT THEY WERE PLANNIN' ON INFECTING THE WHOLE HUMAN RACE...

...AND THEN *TAKING IT OVER!*

I TOLD YOU BEFORE THAT THE ORIGINAL INTENT OF THE PROJECT WAS TO WEED OUT MAN'S BASER INSTINCTS--GREED... ANGER... VIOLENCE--THUS CREATING A NEW *GOLDEN AGE.*

WHEN I DISCOVERED THAT *THE FOUR* HAD ALTERED THE NANITES TO MAKE THE POPULATION DOCILE AND EASY TO MANIPULATE--

--I DECIDED TO BLOW THE WHISTLE. THAT'S WHY I CONTACTED YOU, MISS BLAKE, SO THAT WE--

AND THAT'S ANOTHER THING! WHY ME? WHY CALL SOMEONE WHO HOSTS A LOW-RATED SHOW ON AN OBSCURE CABLE CHANNEL...

...AND NOT *CNN* OR *THE NEW YORK TIMES?*

YOU THINK I HAD A CHOICE?

THE COMPLEX HAS EYES EVERYWHERE! IF I'D REACHED OUT TO BIG MEDIA, THEY WOULD HAVE BEEN ONTO ME IN A HEARTBEAT.

BUT REACHING OUT TO THE HOST OF *"DAPHNE BLAKE'S MYSTERIOUS MYSTERIES"?* THEY WOULDN'T CATCH ON TILL IT WAS TOO LATE.

SO YOU CONTACTED ME BECAUSE I'M A NOBODY?

WHO WAS ONCE A *SOMEBODY.* I FOLLOWED YOUR WORK BACK WHEN YOU WERE AN INVESTIGATIVE REPORTER FOR *THE WASHINGTON POST,* MISS BLAKE...

...AND I NEVER UNDERSTOOD WHY YOU ABANDONED A PROMISING CAREER IN SERIOUS JOURNALISM...

...FOR THAT *MORONIC* TELEVISION SHOW.

"MORONIC"? THAT SHOW IS MY *LIFE,* YOU ARROGANT LITTLE--

THIS ISN'T GOING WELL. IS IT, *SCOOB?*

ROPE.

I'D LOVE TO CONTINUE TRADING INSULTS--

GOOD! 'CAUSE I'M JUST GETTING STARTED!

--BUT I NEED TO GET YOU AND YOUR CAMERA-MAN *OUT* OF HERE.

THIS ENTIRE COMPLEX WILL SOON BE CRAWLING WITH SECURITY.

AND IF THEY FIND YOU HERE--

BUT YOU SAID THERE WAS ONLY A SKELETON CREW TODAY...

YES. BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THE *PRIORITY ALERT* WENT OFF. I'M SURE THE FOUR ARE ON THEIR WAY HERE RIGHT NOW...

...AND I SUSPECT THEY'RE BRINGING A SMALL ARMY WITH THEM.

UNLESS THE NANITES REALLY *WERE* ACTIVATED--

IN WHICH CASE, THE ENTIRE POPULATION OF THE PLANET HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED. AND NOT FOR THE BETTER.

BUT IT CAN BE *REVERSED,* RIGHT, DOC? THEY WOULDN'T HAVE CREATED SOMETHING LIKE THAT WITHOUT COMING UP WITH A WAY T'STOP IT, RIGHT...?

AN EXCELLENT QUESTION, NORVILLE. BUT I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T LIKE THE--

--ANSWER?

UH-OH.

"UH-OH" WHAT?

THAT'S *KRAMER,* OUR CHIEF OF BIOTECH. I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HE WAS IN TODAY.

YOU ALL KEEP OUT OF SIGHT WHILE I GO TALK TO HIM.

SIGH THIS IS WHERE WE GET SENT TO *GUANTANAMO,* ISN'T IT?

RRRRRRR

WHAT'S BUGGIN' YOU, BUDDY?

WHY, *ERIC,* WHAT A LOVELY SURPRISE! I THOUGHT YOU WERE AT THE COMPANY PICNIC WITH EVERYONE ELSE!

MY...*UM...* SISTER AND HER HUSBAND ARE VISITING FROM CHEBOYGAN AND I'VE BEEN GIVING THEM A TOUR OF THE COMPLEX.

A *COMPLETELY AUTHORIZED* TOUR, OF COURSE! EVERYTHING ABOVE BOARD AND--

RRARRRRGHHHH!!

JINKIES!

KRAMER

WOW! THAT KRAMER MUST BE ONE TOUGH COOKIE!

DOC-- WHERE'RE YOU GOING?

JINKIESJINKIESJINKIESJ

GRRARRRRR

OH MY GOD! HE'S ATTACKING THAT--

--MAN?!

HSSSSSSS

RRRIKES!!

PLOPPITY PLOPP

SCOOBY, THAT'S LIKE, GROSS!

BUT... GIVEN THE CIRCUMSTANCES... TOTALLY UNDERSTANDABLE.

EVERYBODY-- RUN!

WAYYYY AHEAD OF YOU, SHAGSTER!

WHAT IS THAT THING?

I DUNNO...

...BUT IT LOOKS LIKE THERE'S *TWO* OF THEM NOW!

CHHAAA

RRRROOOWWW

FRED, SEE IF YOU CAN GET SOME *FOOTAGE* OF THOSE CREATURES!

SURE THING, I--

OH, NO! I DROPPED MY CAMERA SOMEWHERE!

YOU *DROPPED* YOUR CAMERA?

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW MUCH IT WILL COST TO REPLACE IT? OUR BUDGET DOESN'T ALLOW FOR--

YOU'RE WORRYING ABOUT BUDGETS, WHEN THERE'S *DANGER* LURKING AROUND EVERY CORNER?

HEY, WE'RE JOURNALISTS! DANGER IS OUR BUSINESS!

REALLY?

NO, BUT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO *SAY* THAT.

=SIGH= WHAT *ARE* THOSE THINGS, DINKLEY?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'VE *BECOME*, BUT THEY *USED* TO BE MY... COWORKERS.

WELL, WHATEVER THEY ARE, THEY'VE STOPPED FOLLOWIN' US...

...AND TURNED ON *EACH OTHER!*

SNARRRR

SHRAAG

GARRR

I NEED TO UNDERSTAND WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE. SOMETHING'S CLEARLY CHANGED THEM. *INFECTED* THEM, LIKE A--

LIKE A *PLAGUE?*

IS *THAT* WHAT THIS IS, DOCTOR?

YOUR NANITES AT WORK?

NO, OF COURSE NOT. I TOLD YOU THE RECONFIGURED NANITES WERE INTENDED TO MAKE THE POPULACE DOCILE, NOT TRANSFORM THEM INTO MONSTERS.

TELL IT TO THAT POOR GUY WHO HAD HIS *INTESTINES* RIPPED OUT.

SECURITY OFFICE

YOU'RE WHITE AS A SHEET, FRED.

YEAH, WELL, I HAVEN'T GOT *NERVES OF STEEL* LIKE YOU.

IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL ANY BETTER, I'M SCARED, TOO. THIS IS WAY BEYOND ANYTHING WE EVER INVESTIGATED ON "*MYSTERIOUS MYSTERIES.*"

DON'T WORRY, DAPH. WHATEVER'S GOING ON, WE'LL GET THROUGH IT TOGETHER.

WE ALWAYS *DO.*

SHOULD HAVE THE MONITORS UP AND RUNNING IN ANOTHER FEW MINUTES.

SURPRISED THEY STILL WORK.

WHEN THE EMERGENCY SYSTEMS KICK IN, SECURITY GETS PRIORITIZED AND--

YOUR OWN SECURITY FIRST AND FOREMOST.

EXCUSE ME?

THE SECOND YOU SAW THAT THING, YOU RAN. LEFT US TO DIE AND--

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND--

THEN *EXPLAIN* IT TO ME.

THAT... *THING* WAS NAMED ERIC KRAMER. HE WAS MY FRIEND. OR AT LEAST THE CLOSEST *TO* IT A PERSON LIKE ME CAN EVER GET.

WE... WE USED TO PLAY CHESS TOGETHER DURING LUNCH AND--

--WELL, WHEN I SAW HIM LIKE THAT, I JUST...PANICKED. BUT I WAS ON MY WAY *BACK* TO--

TO WHAT? PUT OUT A FIRE?

WE NEEDED A WEAPON, I GRABBED THE FIRST THING THAT--

I DON'T TRUST YOU, DINKLEY. I DON'T TRUST YOU ONE BIT.

WE HAVE TO TRUST HER. WE *ALL* HAVE TO TRUST EACH OTHER IF WE'RE GOING TO GET OUT OF--

LOOK AROUND, FRED! WE'RE IN AN UNDERGROUND BUNKER WHERE A BUNCH OF DERANGED SCIENTISTS CREATED A PLAGUE TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD!

OUR ENTIRE CAREERS HAVE BEEN SPENT TRYING TO EXPOSE THE HIDDEN ELITES THAT MANIPULATE AND CONTROL US, AND *SHE'S ONE OF THEM!*

SO, NO--I'M NOT GONNA TRUST HER! I'M--

SORRY, FREDDIE. I DIDN'T MEAN TO YELL AT YOU LIKE THAT.

WELL, MAYBE I DID A *LITTLE*, BUT--

LOOK, I'VE BEEN WORKIN' WITH THE DOC FOR *THREE YEARS.*

SHE MAY BE LACKING IN THE INTERPERSONAL SKILLS DEPARTMENT, AN' KIND OF COLD, AN' CONTROLLING, AN' NOT A HECKUVA LOT OF FUN TO BE AROUND...

...BUT, DEEP DOWN, SHE'S A GOOD PERSON.

I *THINK.*

SHAGGY!

THANK YOU FOR THE RINGING ENDORSEMENT, NORVILLE--

--BUT I DON'T REALLY CARE IF YOU PEOPLE TRUST ME OR NOT.

TAKE A LOOK AT THOSE MONITORS AND YOU'LL SEE...

CCTV
24 HR VIDEO SURVEILLANCE

"...THAT WE'VE GOT MORE *PRESSING* CONCERNS."

THEY'RE ON EVERY FLOOR, IN EVERY LAB AND CONFERENCE ROOM.

ZOINKS!

"ZOINKS"? IS THAT ANYTHING LIKE "JINKIES"?

ARE THEY...*EATING* THOSE PEOPLE?

APPARENTLY SO, FRED... AND THERE'S SOMETHING VERY ODD ABOUT THAT.

TO SAY THE LEAST!

CAMC!

NO, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.

ALTHOUGH THE MAJORITY OF WORKERS IN THE COMPLEX HAVE BEEN INFECTED, A VERY SMALL GROUP *WASN'T* AND--

AND THEY'VE BEEN EATEN!

HOW CAN YOU BE SO COLD... SO CLINICAL ABOUT THIS?

I *HAVE* TO BE... IN ORDER TO ANALYZE THE SITUATION AND FORMULATE A WAY OUT.

THE TRUTH IS, THIS COULD ALL BE MUCH WORSE. IF IT HAD BEEN A NORMAL WORKDAY, THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE HERE.

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A NIGHTMARE.

I WOULDN'T EXACTLY CALL THIS A PLEASANT DREAM.

SO HOW COME NONE OF *US* HAS BEEN MONSTER-IZED, DOC?

GIVEN THAT MOST OF THE STAFF WAS TRANSFORMED, YOU'D THINK THAT AT LEAST *ONE* OF US WOULD--

WE WERE IN THE *SAFE ZONE* WHEN... *WHATEVER-THIS-IS* HIT THE COMPLEX.

YOU CALL THAT SAFE?

CAMC!

GIVEN THE ALTERNATIVE, MISS BLAKE? YES.

BUT NOW WE NEED TO FIND A PATH UP TO THE SURFACE. PEOPLE MUST BE WARNED.

AND YOU STILL THINK THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH YOUR LITTLE NANITE-PLAGUE?

LET'S JUST SAY I'M FORMULATING SOME THEORIES.

BUT THEORIES WON'T HELP US NOW. WE NEED WEAPONS TO FIGHT OUR WAY THROUGH THOSE CREATURES. AND, HAPPILY...

...THE COMPLEX HAS WEAPONRY TO SPARE.

FOR THE RECORD, I'VE NEVER FIRED A GUN IN MY LIFE.

YOU 'N' ME BOTH, SHAGSTER.

MY FATHER STARTED TAKING ME HUNTING ON THE ESTATE WHEN I WAS EIGHT. I'VE BEEN HANDLING GUNS MY WHOLE LIFE.

WHOA, YOU LIVED ON AN ESTATE?

YOU EVER HEAR OF THE *BLAKE BUBBLE BATH* FORTUNE?

NO KIDDIN'? OH, MAN, I *LOVE* THAT STUFF! USE IT ON ALL THE DOGS!

CAN WE PLEASE LEAVE MY FAMILY OUT OF THIS AND FOCUS ON--

WAIT. YOU USE IT ON THE *DOGS?*

SO, LIKE, IF THOSE THINGS OUT THERE USED T'BE PEOPLE... AND WE KILL THEM... DOESN'T THAT MAKE US MURDERERS?

GOOD POINT. BUT DON'T WORRY...

...WE'LL PROBABLY ALL BE *DEAD* BEFORE WE REACH THE TOP.

THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE WAY OUT.

IT'S NOT. BEFORE WE GO, WE HAVE TO ACCESS THE *CENTRAL CORE*...

...AND SEE IF THAT WILL PROVIDE ANY CLUES TO WHAT HAPPENED.

THE *HELL* WITH THE CENTRAL CORE...

...WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE! NOW!

FOR SOMEONE WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE DEDICATED HER LIFE TO EXPLORING THE WORLD'S GREATEST MYSTERIES...

...YOU SEEM EXTREMELY RELUCTANT TO EXPLORE THIS ONE.

I'LL EXPLORE YOUR FACE WITH MY *FIST*, DINKLEY...IF YOU DON'T SHOW US THE WAY OUT!

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT. NO NEED TO ACT LIKE A COMMON THUG.

WHICH WAY?

WHY DON'T WE TRY THE GARAGE?

ACTUALLY, THAT'S AN EXCELLENT IDEA.

HOW DO WE GET THERE, SHAG?

LEFT AT THE *"T"* JUNCTION--

--THEN RIGHT AT THE SECOND INTER--

HELP... ME...

--SECTION...?!

BECKY? BECKY IS THAT YOU?

YES.

A-ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

ACTUALLY--

--I'VE NEVER...BEEN BETTER!!

KRRAK

FRED!

GIVE US A LITTLE KISS, DARLING!

I'VE SEEN THE WAY YOU LOOK AT ME IN THE BREAK ROOM! AND I KNOW WHAT *NASTY* LITTLE THOUGHTS HAVE BEEN CRAWLING AROUND IN THAT TEENY-TINY BRAIN OF Y--

GET--

--AWAY FROM HIM!

KONNNK

WHY, DOCTOR DINKLEY, THAT WASN'T VERY NICE OF YOU...

...WAS IT?

SWAK!

T-KOW

TH-THAT WAS BECKY DAVIS. SHE WORKED WITH ME IN ANIMAL CONTROL. SINGLE MOTHER, WITH A TWO-YEAR-OLD KID. SHE WAS SMART. SHE WAS KIND.

THAT WAS BECKY DAVIS...

...AND YOU KILLED HER.

THAT WASN'T HER, SHAGGY. THAT WAS A... THING. A MONSTER. A--

A *HUMAN BEING!* NOT A *DEER* ON A HUNTING TRIP! A *HUMAN BEING!*

AND I BLEW HER APART!

BUT WHAT THE HELL *ELSE* WAS I SUPPOSED TO DO?

YOU HAD NO CHOICE, DAPHNE. SHE WOULD HAVE KILLED SCOOBY. SHE WOULD HAVE KILLED US *ALL* AND--

KRAAK!!

YOU DID THIS! YOU AND THOSE FOUR LUNATICS YOU WORK FOR!

I... I SWEAR TO YOU, I'M NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR--

SWEAR ALL YOU WANT, BUT I KNOW THERE ARE THINGS YOU'RE NOT TELLING US...

...AND ONCE WE'RE OUT OF THIS SNAKE PIT, I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE YOU--

WHAT?

UH-- GUYS?

I MIGHT HAVE FOUND OUR WAY OUT.

THIS VENT-SHAFT LEADS TO THE GARAGE...RIGHT, DOC?

I BELIEVE IT DOES, NORVILLE.

SHAGGY. PLEASE.

ALL RIGHT... *SHAGGY.* WOULD YOU LIKE TO LEAD THE WAY?

THERE'S ONE LITTLE DETAIL WE HAVEN'T CONSIDERED YET.

AND THAT IS?

WHAT IF THERE ARE MORE OF THOSE THINGS WAITING *INSIDE?* I DON'T THINK WE SHOULD GO CRAWLING AROUND IN THERE UNTIL WE'RE SURE.

SNORRRRL

SHRAAG

GADDD

ON THE OTHER *HAND...!*

...EVERYBODY...

...IN!

HURRY UP, FRED! THEY'RE RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

SHOOT THEM!

ME? *I* CAN'T KILL ANYTHING! WHEN THERE'S A SPIDER IN MY APARTMENT, I CATCH IT AND AND SET IT FREE! I'M, LIKE, OVERWHELMED WITH GUILT WHEN I STEP ON AN ANT!

OH, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD--

JUST GO!

GO!

RATATATAT

DID YOU GET THEM?

I DON'T KNOW, I HAD MY *EYES CLOSED,* BUT I THINK I SCARED THEM OFF!

AH, YES, *DOCTOR KREBS'* ONGOING EXPERIMENT!

WHAT KIND OF EXPERIMENT?

YOU'LL SEE FOR YOURSELF, FRED...

YOU WANNA GO BACK AND CHECK, FEEL FREE!

SO... AH... ARE THERE ANY *VEHICLES* IN THIS GARAGE OF YOURS?

BOUND TO BE AT LEAST ONE.

...IF WE GET THERE.

ARE THOSE THINGS FOLLOWING US?

I DON'T HEAR ANYTHING.

WHICH WAY FROM HERE, SHAGSTER?

LEFT--THEN RIGHT.

HOW CAN YOU BE SURE?

WHEN THINGS'RE SLOW AROUND HERE, SCOOB AN' ME LIKE T'CRAWL INTO THE VENTS...HAVE A SNACK AND TAKE A NAP.

THAT IS STRICTLY AGAINST THE RULES! YOU COULD BE *FIRED* FOR THAT!

HEY, IF YOU WANNA FIRE ME, DOC...

...FEEL FREE!

YOU'VE BEEN AWFULLY QUIET, DAPH. YOU OKAY?

I... I DON'T KNOW.

YOU *HAD* TO DO IT.

I KNOW. BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE IT ANY LESS *SICKENING.*

SIGH AT LEAST WE'LL HAVE ONE HELLUVA STORY ONCE WE GET OUT OF HERE. WITH THE *NOTES* DOCTOR DINKLEY'S BEEN KEEPING, WE--

NOTES?

YES. ALL THE TOP SECRET, HANDWRITTEN NOTES YOU HAVE ON YOUR CLIPBOARD.

C-CLIPBOARD?

WHAT?

I THINK I...*AH*...LEFT IT. BACK IN THE SAFE ZONE.

IT WAS *EVIDENCE!*

NOT TO WORRY. I HAVE AN *EIDETIC MEMORY.* I CAN INSTANTLY RECALL EVERY WORD ON EVERY PAGE.

AND WE'RE JUST SUPPOSED TO BELIEVE WHATEVER YOU TELL US?

I'M THE ONE WHO CALLED *YOU,* REMEMBER? *I'M* THE ONE WHO--

OH. WAIT.

WE'RE HERE.

IS THAT KREBS' EXPERIMENT?

YEP, AIN'T SHE A BEAUTY?

AND WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT IT?

WE'RE NOT SURE. KREBS WAS VERY SECRETIVE. CALLED IT HIS...*MYSTERY MACHINE.*

WELL, AS LONG AS IT GOES INTO DRIVE AND GETS US OUT OF HERE...

...I DON'T REALLY CARE *WHAT* IT DOES.

AMEN TO THAT.

KREBS WAS IN THE GARAGE THIS MORNING, WORKIN' ON IT. I WONDER IF HE--

DAMN.

KEEP ALERT.

THERE'S A VERY GOOD CHANCE THAT WHATEVER KILLED DOCTOR KREBS IS STILL NEARBY.

I'M SORRY, SHAGGY.

IT'S...IT'S NOT FAIR. KREBS ONLY GOT BACK FROM SICK LEAVE A WEEK AGO.

SICK LEAVE?

YEAH, THEY PUT IN A *PACEMAKER* AND--

YES, OF COURSE. BUT I'D LIKE TO HAVE A CLOSER LOOK AT *KREBS' REMAINS* FIRST.

WHAT? *WHY?*

SOMETHING SHAGGY SAID GOT ME THINKING ABOUT--

NO MORE... THINKING.

NOT TO BE INSENSITIVE, BUT CAN WE MOURN YOUR FRIEND IN THE VAN?

IF THERE ARE MORE OF THOSE THINGS AROUND, WE'VE GOTTA HEAD OUT. NOW.

ONLY DYING!

RUH-ROH!

JEEPERS!

JINKIES!

ZOINKS!

KILL THEM ALL!

JIM
LEE
2016

JIM
LEE
2016

SOMEWHERE IN THE NEVADA DESERT.

HOW'RE YOU DOIN', *VELMA?*

CONSIDERING THAT I'VE THROWN MY GUTS UP *TWICE?* NOT BAD, SHAGGY. NOT BAD.

HEY-- ONE MORE HURL AND I'LL CATCH RIGHT UP TO YOU!

NOW THAT EVERYONE'S DONE VOMITING, MAYBE WE SHOULD PULL OVER AND CLEAN THE BLOOD AND GUTS OFF THE WINDSHIELD.

IF YOU'D LIKE TO GET OUT AND DO IT, *MISS BLAKE*--BE MY GUEST.

AND I NEVER SAID I WAS DONE.

DCC037855

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE

TERROR INCOGNITA!

A DELIGHTFUL DOOMSDAY DIVERSION, BROUGHT TO YOU BY THOSE MEDDLING KIDS:

KEITH GIFFEN, J.M. DeMATTEIS, HOWARD PORTER & DALE EAGLESHAM

HI-FI COLORS NICK NAPOLITANO LETTERER

JIM LEE WITH ALEX SINCLAIR COVER

NO ONE'S LEAVING THIS VAN. WE DON'T KNOW WHAT'S OUT THERE!

WAIT. YOU THINK THERE ARE, LIKE, MORE OF THEM?

IF WHAT WE ENCOUNTERED AT THE BLAZING MAN FESTIVAL IS A RESULT OF THE NANITE PLAGUE--

--AND I SUSPECT IT IS--

--THEN THERE'S EVERY CHANCE THERE ARE MANY MORE OF THEM.

LOOK, DR. DINKLEY--

IF YOU'RE GOING TO EXCORIATE ME AGAIN FOR MY PART IN ALL THIS, MISS BLAKE, THEN--

NO. NO! I... I WANT TO THANK YOU--

--FOR HELPING FRED.

I'M NO NURSE.

BUT YOU DID YOUR BEST. AND I APPRECIATE THAT.

THANK YOU, MISS BLAKE.

CALL ME DAPHNE.

NOT T'BE A BUMMER, BUT THE DOC'S RIGHT: SHE'S NOT A NURSE. WE'VE GOTTA GET FRED TO A HOSPITAL.

YOU... YOU DON'T THINK HE'S GOING TO DIE, DO YOU?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT T'THINK.

HE CAN'T DIE. HE JUST CAN'T!

I'VE KNOWN FRED SINCE NYU. HE'S MY BEST FRIEND. MAYBE MY ONLY FRIEND. I--

WE'LL DO EVERYTHING WE CAN, DAPH.

LOOK AT THE WAY THAT DOG IS WATCHING OVER HIM. HASN'T LEFT HIS SIDE.

THAT'S MY PAL, SCOOBY-DOO--

--LOYAL TO A FAULT.

FUNNY. THAT'S THE WAY FRED IS. HE'LL DO JUST ABOUT ANYTHING FOR ME. FOLLOW ME, LIKE A LOYAL PUPPY, INTO ANY SITUATION--

--NO MATTER HOW DUMB OR DANGEROUS.

IF... IF HE DIES, THEN I'M RESPONSIBLE. I--

DON'T BLAME YOURSELF, DAPHNE. NO ONE COULD HAVE PREDICTED *THIS.*

YOU COULD HAVE! YOU AND THOSE MAD SCIENTISTS AT *THE COMPLEX!*

YOU SPREAD YOUR DAMN NANITES ACROSS THE PLANET, AND THIS INSANITY IS THE RESULT! THIS--

THEY WERE TRYING TO SAVE THE WORLD! AND I--

RIGHT. YOU WERE JUST FOLLOWING ORDERS.

WHAT HAPPENED TO *"THANK YOU"?*

I TAKE IT BACK!

I KNOW THERE ARE THINGS YOU'RE NOT TELLING US. AND I'LL GET IT OUT OF YOU, DINKLEY, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.

BUT I'VE TOLD YOU EVERYTHING! I--

YOU'RE LYING! AND FRED NEARLY PAID FOR THOSE LIES WITH HIS LIFE!

SHE'S UPSET, DOC.

SHE'S *RIGHT.*

IF HE DIES... IT *IS* BECAUSE OF ME. BECAUSE I TRUSTED *THE FOUR*--AND ALLOWED THIS TO HAPPEN.

BUT IT'S LIKE YOU SAID: YOU WERE TRYIN' T'SAVE THE WORLD.

YEAH. AND WE DID A FINE JOB OF IT--

--DIDN'T WE?

OUT OF THE WAY, YOU FLEA-RIDDEN FREAK, BEFORE I--

REA- RIDDEN?

I'M SORRY, SCOOBY. I'M JUST SO WORRIED ABOUT HIM.

SHE APOLOGIZES TO THE DOG AND NOT TO ME?

BUT I GUESS AFTER WHAT HAPPENED BACK THERE AT THE COMPLEX--

"--WE'RE ALL LUCKY JUST TO BE ALIVE."

THE COMPLEX. FIVE HOURS EARLIER.

KILL... THEM... ALL!!

ZOINKS!

JEEPERS!

RUH-ROH!

JINKIES!

WE'D BETTER SPLIT UP!

"SPLIT UP"? WHAT GOOD IS *THAT* GONNA DO?

I DUNNO! HAS ANYONE GOT A BETTER IDEA?

YES! WE GET INTO THE *MYSTERY MACHINE*--

--AND DRIVE THE HELL OUT OF HERE AS FAST AS WE CAN!

WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!

RARRRGHH!!!

GULP! YOU MAY BE RIGHT.

DON'T WORRY, DOC--

--I'VE GOT THIS!

RATATATAT

SPLOFFF

TH-THAT THING... IT WAS ONCE A... A *HUMAN BEING*--

--AND I JUST BLEW ITS *HEAD* OFF! OH *GOD*, I--

HEY, MAN, I'M A *BUDDHIST*--

THWAKK

AT LEAST I WAS FOR SIX MONTHS IN HIGH SCHOOL.

AN' I DON'T BELIEVE IN HURTIN' *ANY LIVING THING!* BUT I'M NOT SURE THOSE THINGS REALLY *ARE* ALIVE!

NOT IN THE WAY *WE* UNDERSTAND LIFE!

BUT DOES THAT GIVE US THE RIGHT TO MURDER THEM?

I WISH I KNEW. BUDDHA SAID WE SHOULD HAVE COMPASSION FOR--

COULD YOU PLEASE DISPENSE WITH THE PHILOSOPHICAL MUSINGS AND GET *IN THE DAMN VAN?!*

THE DOC'S RIGHT, WE'VE GOTTA MOVE!

BUT THE MYSTERY MACHINE IS SOME KIND OF WEIRD EXPERIMENTAL PROTOTYPE! WHO SAYS WE'LL EVEN KNOW HOW TO DRIVE IT?

ME!

YOU?

YEAH! *DOCTOR KREBS*...THE DUDE WHO INVENTED THIS BABY...GAVE ME THE GRAND TOUR ONCE!

EXPLAINED HOW ALL THE DOOHICKEYS AND WHATCHAMACALLITS WORK!

WELL NOW I'M JUST *BRIMMING* WITH CONFIDENCE!

THANKS, DOC!

I WAS BEING *SARCASTIC!*

ROWRR!!

TAKATATAKATAKA

DAPHNE?!

THEY'RE NOT PEOPLE! THEY'RE NOT PEOPLE! THEY'RE NOT PEOP--

TAKATATAKATAKA KLIK KLIK KLIK

WH-WHAT ARE WE DOING? I JUST MOWED DOWN A DOZEN HUMAN BEINGS!

WE...WE CAN'T JUST KILL THEM... WE HAVE TO *SAVE* THEM!

WE WON'T BE ABLE T'SAVE OURSELVES *OR* THEM IF WE DON'T GET OUT OF THE COMPLEX AND--

DON'T YOU SEE? THOSE CREATURES COULD BE US! THEY'RE INNOCENT VICTIMS! THEY DIDN'T ASK FOR THIS!

AND NEITHER DID WE! NOW, C'MON--

LET ME GO!

IF I LET YOU GO, YOU'RE GONNA DIE HERE!

MAYBE THAT'S FOR THE BEST!

SURE, IF YOU DEFINE "*BEST*" AS BECOMING, LIKE, A *HUMAN LUNCH BUFFET!*

LET ME *GO*, DAMMIT!

I'D APPRECIATE A HAND HERE, DOC!

BUT, GIVEN HER ERRATIC BEHAVIOR, SHE MIGHT POSE A THREAT. FOR ALL WE KNOW, SHE'S IN THE PROCESS OF *TRANSFORMING* AND--

SHE'S NOT TURNING INTO A MONSTER, SHE'S IN SHOCK! NOW GET HER INSIDE!

MIGHT I REMIND YOU, SHAGGY, THAT I'M STILL YOUR SUPERIOR.

THEN START ACTIN' LIKE IT!

NOW WHERE'D MY BUDDY GO? *SCOOBY! SCOOBY-DOO--*

"--WHERE ARE YOU?"

NOW.

NO!

FRED...?

ANYBODY...?

OUT HERE!

YOU FELL ASLEEP WHILE YOU WERE SITTING WITH HIM AND I DIDN'T WANNA WAKE YOU.

HOW'RE YOU FEELIN'?

LIKE SOMEONE JUST SCRAPED ME OFF THEIR SHOE. BUT, FRED--

MY HEAD FEELS LIKE I'VE BEEN KICKED BY A TAP-DANCING ELEPHANT--

--BUT I'M OKAY. MORE OR LESS.

SORRY IF I LET YOU DOWN BACK THERE, DAPH. I SHOULD HAVE BEEN ABLE TO--

FRED! OH FRED...

--I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO LOSE YOU!

YOU...YOU REALLY *DO* CARE ABOUT ME, DON'T YOU?

OF COURSE I DO!

WELL, THEN DAPHNE BLAKE--

--WILL YOU MARRY ME?

WILL I WHAT?

UH... NOTHING.

HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU THAT WE'RE FRIENDS AND ONLY FRIENDS!

A LOT?

I SWEAR IF YOU EVER PROPOSE TO ME *AGAIN*, I'LL--

"AGAIN"? HE'S DONE IT BEFORE?

I LOST COUNT TWO YEARS AGO.

WELL, Y'CAN'T FAULT THE GUY FOR LACK OF PERSISTENCE. AN' THAT'S GONNA COME IN HANDY--

Creation Corp.
Sly Co.
Optical Lens Co
Thaumatrope
Tumbleweed
--GIVEN THE SITUATION.
HOW... HOW FAR HAS THIS CONTAGION SPREAD?
AS I EXPLAINED, THE NANITES WERE DISPERSED GLOBALLY. AND THEY WERE SELF-REPLICATING. WHICH MEANS--
THAT THIS IS HAPPENING EVERYWHERE?
IF IT *IS* THE NANITES.
WRONG WAY GO BACK
ROUTE 66
Rattlejd
WHAT THE HELL ELSE *COULD* IT BE?
WHEN THE FOUR CORRUPTED ***THE ELYSIUM PROJECT,*** THEIR INTENTION WAS TO MAKE THE GENERAL POPULACE MORE MALLEABLE... EASILY CONTROLLED... NOT TURN THEM INTO MONSTERS.
WELL, CLEARLY, SOMETHING WENT VERY WRONG.
BUT THAT DOESN'T EXPLAIN HOW THE NANITES WERE ACTIVATED WITHOUT THE INITIATION PROTOCOL--

--WHICH REQUIRES THE FOUR OF THEM KEYING IN THE CODE TOGETHER FROM INSIDE THE COMPLEX.

BUT THEY WEREN'T EVEN THERE WHEN THIS STARTED.

YOU SAID YOURSELF THAT THEY CHANGED THE GOALS OF THE PROGRAM WITHOUT YOUR KNOWLEDGE. WHO SAYS THEY DIDN'T CHANGE *THIS*, TOO?

WHO'S TO SAY THEY'RE NOT OUT THERE SOMEWHERE IN *ANOTHER* UNDERGROUND BUNKER, LAUGHING WHILE THE WORLD GOES CRAZY?

THEY WOULDN'T. THEY *COULDN'T.*

FROM WHAT YOU'VE TOLD US... IT SOUNDS LIKE THEY'RE CAPABLE OF ANYTHING.

GONNA BE DARK SOON.

SO...?

YOU REALLY WANNA BE WANDERING AROUND AT NIGHT WITH THOSE THINGS OUT THERE?

I DON'T WANNA BE WANDERING AROUND IN THE *LIGHT* WITH THOSE THINGS!

WE KEEP CALLING THEM THINGS--

--BUT THEY'RE NOT. THEY'RE PEOPLE WITH LIVES... FAMILIES.

SO WHAT EXACTLY DID THE NANITES DO TO THEM?

WE KNOW THAT THEY MIRROR OUR COMMON CONCEPTION OF MONSTERS... BUT WHY? AND WHY ARE SOME OF THEM CAPABLE OF SPEECH--

--WHILE OTHERS CAN'T DO MORE THAN GRUNT OR HOWL?

GOOD QUESTIONS. BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW WE'RE GONNA GET ANY ANSWERS WHILE WE'RE RUNNIN' FOR OUR LIVES.

THAT'S WHY WE SHOULD GO TO GROUND. FIND A PLACE THAT'S SAFE--

--WHILE WE TRY TO SORT THIS OUT.

WHAT HAVE I DONE?

"WHAT HAVE I *DONE?*"

THE COMPLEX. EARLIER.

DRIVE! DRIVE!

I'M TRYING!

I'M HERE, DAPH. WHATEVER HAPPENS, I'M HERE.

YOU'LL... NEVER... ESCAPE....!

TRY HARDER!

GRARR!

OH, GOD, I'M GONNA DIE... I'M GONNA DIE... I'M GONNA--

BLAM!

FWUMP

GET CLEAR!

GET CLEAR, DAMMIT!

I DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS. YOU CAN WALK AWAY. JUST LEAVE US *ALONE* AND--

EAT... YOUR... ORGANS! SUCK... YOUR... BONES!

TH-THEN I DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE! I HAVE TO PULL THE--

KLIK

--TRIGGER...?

OH, CRAP!

IT'S EMPTY!

FEAST... ON YOUR... FLESH!

KK

AARP!

TONG

SHAGGY-!!

ALMOST THERE!

I THINK.

I HOPE.

THEY KILLED FRED!

THESE ANIMALS KILLED FRED!

HE'S NOT DEAD, MISS BLAKE, BUT WE'LL ALL BE CORPSES SOON IF SHAGGY DOESN'T--

IM ON IT!

VRRROOOM

FASTER!

REALLY? YOU THINK I'M, LIKE, NOT GOIN' AS FAST AS I CAN?

NOT FAST ENOUGH! THEY'RE CONVERGING ON US--

--FROM *EVERYWHERE!*

COOL YOUR JETS, DOC!

KREBS' MYSTERY MACHINE MAY LOOK LIKE A VAN, BUT IT'S BUILT LIKE A *TANK!*

SO HANG ON TIGHT--

--'CAUSE I'M GETTIN' US OUT OF HERE--

WHUMP

KRAAK

THUDD

--NOW!

UH... THAT'S A LOCKED DOOR AHEAD OF US.

I SEE IT.

A *HEAVILY FORTIFIED* DOOR.

YEP.

AND WE'RE ABOUT TO CRASH INTO IT.

I KNOW.

WELL, AREN'T YOU GOING TO *STOP?!*

NOPE.

KRAAAM!

HANG ON! WE'RE HEADIN' FOR THE GUARDRAIL... AN' IF WE GO THROUGH IT--

--IT'S A REALLY LONG WAY DOWN!

HIT THE BRAKES! HIT THE BRAKES!

YOU IDIOT! YOU ALMOST KILLED US!

WHICH WOULD YOU PREFER, DOC: DYIN' IN A CRASH, OR BEIN' GOBBLED UP BY THOSE BOGEYMEN BACK THERE?

I'D PREFER A THIRD CHOICE!

KRAK

EEEE

W-WOULDN'T WE ALL?
YOU'RE TREMBLING.
THAT'S WHAT BLIND TERROR DOES TO A GUY.
BUT YOU ACTED WITH SUCH BOLDNESS... SUCH CONFIDENCE!
TO BE HONEST, DOC, I WAS SO SCARED--
--I DIDN'T HAVE A CLUE *WHAT* I WAS DOIN'!
HEY, DAPHNE, HOW'S FRED?
STILL UNCONSCIOUS. AND WHITE AS A SHEET.
LET ME HAVE A LOOK--
NO! DON'T YOU TOUCH HIM!
YOUR CHOICE, MISS BLAKE: PUSH ME AWAY AND LET FRED BLEED TO DEATH BACK THERE--
--OR HELP ME FIND THE FIRST-AID KIT.
I... I'M SORRY. I'VE NEVER *FALLEN APART* LIKE THIS. I'VE ALWAYS BEEN STRONG. THE ONE THAT PEOPLE LEAN ON WHEN--
YEAH, WELL MAYBE IT'S TIME YOU DID SOME LEANIN' OF YOUR OWN.
HE'S GONNA BE ALL RIGHT, DAPH.
NO, *HE'S NOT! NOTHING'S GOING TO BE ALL--*
RAGGY...?
I'M HANGIN' IN. HOW 'BOUT YOU, BUDDY?
RANGIN' IN.
MAN, YOU REALLY TORE THROUGH THOSE MONSTROSITIES BACK THERE. I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD IT IN YOU.
RAME.
WHEN I THINK ABOUT THE WAY THE OTHER DOGS IN THE PROGRAM TREATED YOU. MADE YOU FEEL LIKE A--
RUH-OH!
WHAT'RE YOU *"RUH-OH-ING"* ABOUT NOW?

RAT.

THE BLAZING MAN FESTIVAL!

OR WHAT'S LEFT OF IT!

THEN THE CONTAGION WASN'T JUST CONFINED TO THE COMPLEX...?

APPARENTLY NOT. THE BEST WE CAN HOPE FOR NOW--

--IS THAT IT HASN'T SPREAD BEYOND THIS AREA.

WELL, THE GOOD NEWS--

IF YOU CAN CALL IT THAT.

--IS THOSE THINGS ARE SO BUSY TRYIN' T'KILL *EACH OTHER*--

BUT YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT... DO YOU, DOCTOR?

I'M NO LONGER CERTAIN WHAT TO BE BELIEVE.

"--THAT WE MIGHT BE ABLE T'DRIVE THROUGH WITHOUT THEM NOTICING US!"

NOW.

I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY'RE HUNGRY.

Stop in for a BITE Open Dawn till Dusk

SERVICE WITH A "SMILE"

LaBeaus Food Mart

THE WAY I FEEL, I MAY NEVER EAT AGAIN.

AS NAPOLEON SAID, "AN ARMY MARCHES ON ITS STOMACH."

WE'RE NOT AN ARMY.

I'M AFRAID WE ARE. AND A RATHER ODD ONE AT THAT.

ARE YOU SURE FREDDY'S OKAY?

HE SEEMS TO BE. IT'S YOU I'M WORRIED ABOUT.

DON'T BE. WHATEVER HAPPENED BACK THERE... IT WAS JUST SHOCK. CONFUSION. AND IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN.

WHAT SHAGGY SAID EARLIER, ABOUT BEING UNAFRAID TO LEAN ON OTHER PEOPLE--

I THINK HE WAS RIGHT.

YOU DON'T STRIKE ME AS THE LEANING TYPE.

I'M NOT A GREGARIOUS PERSON BY NATURE. IN FACT, I FIND MOST SOCIAL INTERACTIONS NOT DIRECTLY RELATED TO MY WORK BOTH UNNECESSARY--AND UNNERVING.

BUT THE FOUR OF US HAVE BEEN THROWN TOGETHER, WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT, AND IF WE'RE GOING TO SURVIVE--

CHECK IT OUT, SCOOB--"MRS. HOCHBERG'S SATURN PIES"! ***BOXES*** OF 'EM!

YUMMM!

CAN WE PLEASE LOOK FOR SOMETHING WITH A LITTLE MORE NUTRITIONAL VALUE?

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BECOME A LOOTER.

REALLY? AFTER ALL YOU'VE DONE... *THAT'S* WHAT CONCERNS YOU?

"ALL I'VE DONE"?

YOU KEEP BLAMING ME FOR THIS--

--AND CONVENIENTLY FORGETTING THAT I WAS THE ONE WHO WAS READY TO *EXPOSE* THE FOUR! REVEAL THEIR PLANS TO THE WORLD AND--

AND HOW DID THAT WORK OUT FOR YOU?

=SIGH= NOT VERY WELL. BUT I COULDN'T KNOW THAT IT WOULD ALL PLAY OUT LIKE THIS. I--

WHAT'S NOT FAIR IS THAT THIS PLAGUE OF YOURS HAS ALREADY DESTROYED THOUSANDS OF LIVES.

IT'S *NOT MY PLAGUE!*

YOU KEEP TELLING YOURSELF THAT.

YOU'VE GOT AN ENDLESS PARADE OF EXCUSES AND SELF-JUSTIFICATIONS, DON'T YOU?

TH-THAT'S NOT FAIR.

BUT, MEANWHILE, IT'S SPREADING, RIGHT? ACROSS THE WHOLE WORLD?

IF THE NANITES *ARE* RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS... THEN YES.

ALL ACROSS THE WORLD.

BUT THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A CONTINGENCY PLAN. SOME WAY TO NEUTRALIZE THE NANITES... REVERSE THE CONTAGION--

VELMA...?

IT IS REVERSIBLE--

"--ISN'T IT?"

ASPIRIN. YOU'LL NEED IT.

CONSIDERING THE JUNK FOOD YOU'RE STOCKPILING, WE'RE GONNA NEED A STOMACH PUMP, TOO.

SALE SAVE BUY NOW

REALLY? WITH ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH, YOU'RE COMPLAINING 'CAUSE I WANNA EAT A "TWINKLY"?

THEY'RE NOT EVEN FOOD, THEY'RE CREATED IN A LABORATORY!

THAT'S JUST A MYTH.

I HOPE.

HEY, WHAT'S WITH SCOOBY-DOO?

I THINK HE'S IN MOURNING--

--'CAUSE THE CHILI DOGS ARE ROTTEN.

A DOG EATING DOGS? ISN'T THAT CANNIBALISM?

NOT FUNNY, DUDE.

CHILI DOGS

ICE COLD

SORRY. MUST BE THE HEAD INJURY.

HEY...AH... YOU DON'T THINK THERE ARE ANY OF THOSE... *THINGIES* AROUND, DO YOU?

Tart POPS

MUNCHOS CRISPS

NAH. HASN'T BEEN A SIGN OF 'EM FOR MORE THAN THIRTY MILES.

I THINK WE'RE GOOD.

SO, LIKE, WHAT'S THE SKINNY ON YOU AND DAPHNE?

I MEAN, ASIDE FROM THE FACT THAT YOU'RE A *SERIAL PROPOSER.*

NOT FUNNY, DUDE.

ACTUALLY, IT IS.

CHOCO COOKIE SNACKS

STRETCHED BURST

SIGH I MET HER FIRST SEMESTER, FRESHMAN YEAR. ONE LOOK IN THOSE EYES AND THAT WAS PRETTY MUCH IT FOR ME.

WE WERE BOTH FILM MAJORS, AND I HAD THESE BIG PLANS. I WAS GOING TO WRITE AND DIRECT, BE THE *SPIELBERG* OF MY GENERATION--

--BUT DAPHNE, SHE WAS ALL ABOUT EXPOSING CORRUPTION, TOPPLING THE ELITES...CHANGING THE WORLD.

Store Room EMPLOYEES ONLY

CHOCO COOKIE SNACKS

Need a Penny take a Penny

RETWEET PLEASE

"WELL, IT'S *CHANGED*, ALL RIGHT--

"--BUT NOT THE WAY WE *EXPECTED!*"

JIM LEE INC

JIM LEE

DCC038141

SOMEWHERE IN THE NEVADA DESERT...

e Beaus
od Mart
DRINKS - ICE - SNACKS

I SLEPT LONGER THAN I INTENDED TO. LOOK AT THE TIME.

IT'S MY TURN TO BE ON WATCH.

GAS N' STUFF

Stop in for a BITE.
open
Dawn till Dusk

SERVICE WITH A SMILE"

195-343

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE FUR AND FANGS!

MONSTERS, MAYHEM AND APOCALYPTIC ANTICS COURTESY OF...
KEITH GIFFEN, J.M. DEMATTEIS, HOWARD PORTER
HI-FI COLORS NICK NAPOLITANO LETTERER
JIM LEE WITH ALEX SINCLAIR COVER

FRED AND *SHAGGY* ARE STILL OUT COLD--AND WHO CAN BLAME THEM AFTER EVERYTHING WE'VE BEEN THROUGH?

FIGHTING HORDES OF BLOODTHIRSTY CREATURES. BREAKING OUT OF *THE COMPLEX* AND RUNNING FOR OUR LIVES IN THAT SO-CALLED *MYSTERY MACHINE.*

IT'S A WONDER WE ALL HAVEN'T HAD COMPLETE NERVOUS BREAKDOWNS.

I HOPE *DAPHNE'S* NOT UPSET BECAUSE I'M LATE FOR MY SHIFT. SHE'S BEEN ON WATCH FOR HOURS AND--

DAPHNE...?

WHERE IS SHE?

DAPHNE!

CALM DOWN, *DINKLEY*--

--I'M RIGHT HERE.

GOOD. FOR A MOMENT THERE I THOUGHT YOU'D BEEN--

--TORN TO PIECES BY A RAVENOUS MONSTER? WERE YOU ACTUALLY WORRIED ABOUT ME, DOC--

--OR JUST CONCERNED THAT YOU MIGHT BE NEXT? ON SECOND THOUGHT, DON'T ANSWER THAT.

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE?

FOUND IT IN THE VAN. I WAS RUMMAGING AROUND IN THE BACK AND--

"RUMMAGING AROUND"? YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE KEEPING AN EYE OUT FOR THOSE... THINGS!

I WAS IN THE VAN FOR ALL OF TEN MINUTES.

YES--AND IN TEN MINUTES WE COULD HAVE BEEN OVERRUN AND SLAUGHTERED IN OUR SLEEP!

I DON'T THINK SO.

DOG'S BEEN LIKE THAT FOR HOURS. HARDLY MOVED A MUSCLE.

HOW PECULIAR.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

BACK AT THE COMPLEX, *SCOOBY-DOO* WAS THE MOST DOCILE OF THE *SMART-DOG PROTOTYPES*. BUT SINCE THIS CRISIS BEGAN--

YOU KNOW THE OLD CLICHÉ, DOC: FEAR'S A GREAT MOTIVATOR.

PERHAPS IT'S TRUE.

=SIGH= YOU SAY YOU FOUND THAT IN THE MYSTERY MACHINE?

KLIK-ATCH

VAN'S STOCKED WITH 'EM. I GUESS THE MAD SCIENTIST THAT DESIGNED THIS THING--

DOCTOR KREBS.

--WAS INTO DESIGNING CUTTING-EDGE WEAPONS, TOO. AND THANK *GOD* FOR THAT.

I'VE NEVER INDULGED IN MYSTICAL BELIEFS BUT, GIVEN OUR HARROWING CIRCUMSTANCES--

--I ALMOST WISH I *HAD*.

YOU OKAY, DOC? YOU'RE LOOKING A LITTLE PALE.

IF I MAY BE HONEST, MISS BLAKE--I'M *TERRIFIED*.

THIS PLAGUE THAT'S TRANSFORMED PEOPLE INTO... *WHATEVER* IT IS THEY ARE--

WE HAVE NO IDEA HOW FAR IT'S SPREAD.

FEELING GUILTY, DOC? AFTER ALL, YOUR *NANITES* CAUSED THIS.

WE DON'T KNOW THAT FOR SURE.

I THINK WE DO.

HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU THAT *PROJECT ELYSIUM*--

--WAS MEANT TO MAKE HUMANITY BETTER? KICK-START A NEW GOLDEN AGE?

YOU *KEEP* TELLING ME THAT, DOCTOR DINKLEY--BUT I'M NEVER GONNA BELIEVE YOU.

I...AH...THINK I'LL RUN AN INVENTORY OF KREBS' WEAPONS.

YEAH--

--YOU *DO* THAT.

I'LL TAKE A PEEK AND SEE HOW THE BOYS ARE DOING.

SLEEPING LIKE BABIES.

I HOPE FRED'S ALL RIGHT. WE ALMOST LOST HIM AFTER HE WAS ATTACKED BACK AT THE COMPLEX--

--AND I DON'T THINK I COULD GET THROUGH THIS WITHOUT HIM.

OF COURSE THE REAL QUESTION IS--CAN WE GET THROUGH THIS AT *ALL?*

BEST-CASE SCENARIO? THE PLAGUE WAS LIMITED TO THE COMPLEX AND THE *FESTIVAL SITE* ABOVE IT.

... HUNNNGH...

WORST-CASE SCENARIO?

I DON'T EVEN WANT TO *THINK* ABOUT THAT.

PRETTY THING. ALL ALONE. TASTY SNACK.

TEAR HER FLESH.

PIERCE HER VEINS.

DRINK HER BLOOD.

MAKE HER ONE OF US.

COME BROTHERS AND SISTERS: RISE! GREET THE NIGHT!

TOGETHER WE'LL FEAST. DEVOUR THEM ALL. ONE AFTER ANOTHER.

AND OUR *FAMILY* WILL GROW.

FAMILY? I HAD *ANOTHER* FAMILY. ONCE. AT LEAST... I THINK I DID.

SO LONG AGO. OR WAS IT YESTERDAY?

NO. THIS IS ALL I EVER WAS. EVER WILL BE.

A CREATURE OF RAW DESIRE. AND UNYIELDING...

...HUNGER.

LOOK AT THAT DOG GO AT IT!

GUESS I WAS RIGHT--

--LIMB...?

KWAK

NOT WHILE SCOOBY'S OUT THERE! I'M NOT GONNA STAND BY WHILE THAT POOCH GETS TORN LIMB FROM--

THEN GET IN THE VAN! WE'VE GOT TO RUN. NOW!

WAKE FRED AND SHAGGY!

ARE WE UNDER ATTACK?

SURE SOUNDS LIKE IT!

VELMA!

POWER-POOOOO

--FEAR REALLY *IS* A GREAT MOTIVATOR!

SCOOBY-DOO! BACK AWAY--

RUH-ROH!

--NOW!

BWOOM

I DON'T THINK I'M *EVER* GONNA GET USED TO THIS.

RE NEITHER!

THAT KREBS MUST HAVE BEEN ONE *MAJORLY* MAD SCIENTIST TO COME UP WITH WEAPONS THIS POWERF--

THAT CAN'T BE GOOD!

RELMA...?

THUD
WHUNK
TUNNK
KUNNK

IF SHE'S STILL IN THERE-- SHE'S NOT ALONE!

BUT WHERE ARE FRED AND SHAGGY?

HEY-- LETHARGY TWINS! *GET UP!* WE'RE IN *TROUBLE* OUT HERE!

SCOOBY-- SLOW DOWN! I DON'T WANT YOU CHARGING IN THERE WITHOUT ME!

JINKIES!

"JINKIES"? IS THAT ANY WAY FOR A GROWN WOMAN TO TALK?

WE CAN DISCUSS THE PECULIARITIES OF MY VOCABULARY LATER--

PLOPP

--AFTER WE STOP *VLAD THE IMPALER!*

NEVER STOP US! WE ARE THE INHERITORS OF THE EARTH!

THE NEW MASTERS OF THE--

!!!

BUGGA-BOOM

WELL, *THAT* WAS REASONABLY DISGUSTING--

FWAPPP

--BUT KREBS' *DRONE PROTOTYPE* WORKED SPLENDIDLY!

I THINK WE HAVE DIFFERENT DEFINITIONS OF THE WORD "*SPLENDID.*" IN FACT, I--

KRAAASH!H

FRED...?!

DON'T WORRY, DAPH! I'LL SAVE YOU!

BUT, IF I DIE PROTECTING YOU, JUST REMEMBER THAT YOU WERE THE ONE AND ONLY LOVE OF MY--

YOU WERE SAYING...?

IT CAN WAIT.

SO... UH... WHAT EXACTLY *ARE* THESE THINGS?

AK-CHWWW

THEY APPEAR TO MIMIC THE ATTITUDES AND ABILITIES OF CLASSIC LITERARY AND MOTION PICTURE VAMPIRES--

--JUST AS THE CREATURES WE ENCOUNTERED AT THE COMPLEX MIMICKED *OTHER* CREATURES OF POPULAR LORE.

BUT WHY WOULD NANITES INTENDED TO MAKE THE POPULACE DOCILE AND MANIPULABLE--

TURN THEM INTO REFUGEES FROM A CHEESY *HORROR MOVIE?*

YOU THINK THAT OVER, DOC. IN THE MEANTIME, WE'D BETTER FIND SHAGGY BEFORE--

FOUND 'IM!

HE SLEPT THROUGH THE WHOLE THING.

HOW'S THAT EVEN POSSIBLE?

SHNORRR

DIDIO'S

Cheetos

WHAM

RUH-ROH!

"RUH-ROH" WHAT?

"RUH-ROH" *THAT!*

JEEPERS!

"JEEPERS"? AND YOU CRITICIZE *ME* FOR SAYING *"JINKIES"*?

THE BLOOD-SUCKING VAMPIRE IS COMING BACK TO LIFE AND *THAT'S* WHAT YOU'RE FOCUSING ON?

GOOD POINT.

WE'D BETTER WAKE SHAGGY UP AND GET IN THE VAN.

BUT THIS IS FASCINATING. THE ENTITY WAS DEAD--AND IT'S ACTUALLY *REGENERATING* RIGHT IN FRONT OF US. IF I COULD STUDY IT--

STUDY IT?

YES. A CREATURE LIKE THIS MIGHT HOLD THE GENETIC KEY TO HUMAN IMMORTALITY.

I JUST WANT THE KEY TO THE *MYSTERY MACHINE*--

"--SO WE CAN GET OUT OF HERE IN ONE PIECE!"

LeBeau's Food Mart

THANKS FOR STOPPING BY

=YAWWWN= VAMPIRES! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

WELL, WE'D *BETTER* BELIEVE IT, SHAGGY--

--IF WE'RE GOING TO SURVIVE.

BUT IT MAKES NO SENSE. PROJECT ELYSIUM WASN'T DESIGNED TO DO THIS.

AS FAR AS *YOU* KNOW, DOC. BUT WHAT IF THIS IS JUST WHAT OUR WACKO BOSSES HAD IN MIND ALL ALONG!

THE FOUR MAY HAVE BEEN ARROGANT AND SOMEWHAT OBLIVIOUS TO THE HUMAN COST OF THEIR EXPERIMENTS--

"SOMEWHAT"?

--BUT THEIR INTENTIONS WERE, FUNDAMENTALLY, NOBLE. THEY WOULD *NEVER* HAVE UNLEASHED THIS NIGHTMARE SCENARIO.

HOW WELL DID YOU KNOW THE FOUR, DINKLEY? JUST HOW HIGH UP THE COMPLEX'S FOOD CHAIN WERE YOU?

HIGH ENOUGH. BUT MY SECURITY CLEARANCE ONLY WENT SO FAR.

WHICH MEANS YOU REALLY DON'T KNOW *WHAT* THOSE MANIACS WERE CAPABLE OF.

YES, I DO!

AH... HYPOTHETICALLY.

BUT, THINK: WHY IN THE WORLD WOULD THEY WANT TO TRANSFORM THE POPULATION INTO INHUMAN MONSTERS?

MAYBE THEY DIDN'T. MAYBE THE NANITES WERE MEANT TO BE A MILITARY WEAPON, USED IN A VERY SPECIFIC WAY--

--AGAINST A VERY SPECIFIC ENEMY.

THAT MAKES NO SENSE! IF WE TURNED OUR ENEMIES INTO IMMORTAL VAMPIRES THEN WE'D BE, LIKE, WRITING OUR OWN DEATH WARRANT!

THEN MAYBE THE GOAL WAS TO TRANSFORM OUR OWN SOLDIERS INTO INDESTRUCTIBLE MONSTERS AND--

PLEASE! THIS ISN'T A COMIC BOOK!

IT'S SURE STARTIN' T'FEEL LIKE ONE.

YOU ASK ME, THE ONLY WAY WE'RE GOING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS IS IF WE FIND THE FOUR.

YOU'RE ASSUMING THAT THE FOUR ARE STILL ALIVE, FRED. OR STILL HUMAN.

I'LL BET THEY'RE ALL SAFE AND SOUND IN A HIDDEN BUNKER SOMEWHERE--LAUGHIN' THEIR BUTTS OFF.

YOU SPEAK OF THEM AS IF THEY'RE THE MONSTERS.

WELL, AREN'T THEY?

NO! I KEEP TELLING YOU THAT THEIR INTENTIONS WERE NOBLE AND--

IF I HEAR YOU SAY THAT ONE MORE TIME--

--I'M GOING TO THROW YOU OUT OF THIS VAN AND LEAVE YOU TO THE MERCIES OF THE ZOMBIE HORDES.

THEY'RE NOT ZOMBIES, THEY'RE VAMPIRES--

--AND YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO DEFEAT THEM WITHOUT ME.

YOU HAVEN'T BEEN MUCH HELP SO FAR. "I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED" ISN'T EXACTLY AN INSIGHTFUL EXPLANATION.

THAT'S WHY I NEED TO STUDY THIS PHENOMENON. THE ONLY WAY WE'RE GOING TO FIND ANSWERS IS IF WE ANALYZE THESE CREATURES AND--

THEY'RE NOT CREATURES--THEY'RE HUMAN BEINGS! AT LEAST THEY WERE BEFORE YOU AND YOUR "NOBLE" FRIENDS GOT YOUR HANDS ON THEM!

I'M TELLING YOU, THE FOUR DIDN'T DO THIS! SOMETHING ELSE TRIGGERED THE NANITES!

SOME UNKNOWN FACTOR IS AT WORK HERE AND--

THE ONLY "UNKNOWN FACTOR," DINKLEY--IS YOU! YOU KNOW MORE THAN YOU'RE TELLING US AND--

ENOUGH!
LIKE IT OR NOT, *WE'RE ALL IN THIS TOGETHER--*
"*HIGH SCHOOL MUSICAL*"? MAN, I LOVED THAT MOVIE WHEN I WAS IN MIDDLE SCHOOL!
RAT'S RIGHT!
--AND IT'S TIME TO STOP EVISCERATING EACH OTHER AND ACT LIKE A TEAM.
A TEAM OF WHAT?
LOOK, DAPH, *WE'VE* GOT EXPERIENCE AS INVESTIGATIVE REPORTERS... *VELMA'S* A FRIGGIN' GENIUS... AND *SHAGGY* IS--
GOOD WITH DOGS...?
I WAS GOING TO SAY HE'S SMART, CAPABLE...*AND* GOOD WITH DOGS.
RAT'S RIGHT!
STOP *AGREEING* WITH HIM!
I THINK IF WE PUT OUR HEADS TOGETHER, WE CAN GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS AND--
AND WHAT? END UP DEAD...OR, WORSE, MUTATED INTO SOME FROTHING MONSTROSITY?
GOOD POINT. I'M THINKIN' THE ONLY REASON WE *HAVEN'T* MUTATED IS 'CAUSE WE WERE IN *THE SAFE ZONE* WHEN THE NANITES WERE ACTIVATED--
--BUT OUT HERE...?
IF YOU'RE LOOKING TO ME FOR AN ANSWER, SHAGGY--
--I'M AFRAID I DON'T HAVE ONE.
THE NOTES... THE STATS...THE RESEARCH...ALL OF IT IS ON THE CLIPBOARD I MISPLACED BACK AT *THE COMPLEX.*
PERHAPS WE SHOULD DOUBLE BACK AND--
NO!
SIGH
WELL, IF THAT'S HOW YOU ALL FEEL, THEN I SUPPOSE WE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO PUSH ON--

"--INTO THE MYSTERY."

LOOK AT THIS MESS!

I ALWAYS KNEW HUMANS WERE INEPT-- BUT *THIS* TIME?

THEY'VE REALLY SCREWED THE POOCH.

SO TO SPEAK.

GOOD NEWS IS THESE MUTATED MORONS DON'T SEEM INTERESTED IN US. BAD NEWS IS--

YEAH, YEAH--I KNOW YOU'RE HUNGRY--

--BUT CAN'T YOU USE YOUR WORDS INSTEAD OF THOSE STUPID EMOTICONS?

AM I THE ONLY ONE WHOSE *ARTICULATION IMPLANT* DIDN'T BURN OUT WHEN THE POWER AT THE COMPLEX WENT ON THE FRITZ?

I MEAN, WE'RE SUPPOSED T'BE *SMART DOGS*...SO HOW ABOUT ACTING LIKE IT?

TRUTH IS, WE'RE *ALL* GONNA BE DROOLING IDIOTS AGAIN IF WE DON'T UPGRADE. OUR CYBERPARTS AREN'T GONNA LAST FOREVER.

WHICH IS WHY WE'VE GOTTA FIND THAT IDIOT *SCOOBY-DOO* AND THOSE HUMANS HE RAN OFF WITH.

WHAT? OF *COURSE* YOU DON'T SMELL THEM! THEY RAN OFF IN KREBS' MYSTERY MACHINE--

SNIFF SNIFF SNIFF

--BUT WE'LL FIND 'EM. AND WHEN WE DO WE'LL FORCE THAT DOCTOR DINKLEY TO UPGRADE US AND--

OKAY, OKAY, I GET IT! YOU WANNA EAT!

SO WHAT'RE YOU WAITING FOR? GO HUNT UP SOME MEAT AND DIG IN! MAYBE THEN WE CAN FINALLY GET ON THE ROAD AND FIND DINKLEY AND THE OTHERS.

=SIGH= I CAN'T BELIEVE I ENDED UP AS LEADER OF *THIS* PACK OF IDIOTS.

I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO *HUCK?* HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE THE POWER WENT DOWN.

NOW *THERE* WAS A DECENT CONVERSATIONALIST----

--ALTHOUGH I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND WHERE HE GOT THAT SOUTHERN DRAWL FROM.

LOOK AT 'EM. GEEZ, WHAT A BUNCH OF *ANIMALS.*

BUT THEY'RE GOOD AT FOLLOWING ORDERS-- AND, AS LONG AS THEY'RE USEFUL TO ME, I'LL KEEP 'EM AROUND.

ROWWR

GRRUFFF

CHOMMMP

AND BETTER THEM THAN THAT MORON SCOOBY-DOO. I DESPISE THAT SOFT-HEARTED WEAKLING. AND ONCE WE TRACK DINKLEY DOWN--

--I'M GONNA RIP THAT NOT-SO-GREAT DANE INTO A DOZEN PIECES.

SO WATCH YOUR BACK, SCOOBERT--

"--'CAUSE SCRAPPY-DOO IS COMING FOR YOU!"

...I DON'T LIKE THIS. WE DON'T KNOW WHAT COULD BE WAITING FOR US IN THERE.

MALL-MART SUPERSTORE

WE NEED FOOD AND SUPPLIES. WE REALLY DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE.

BESIDES, SCOOBY GAVE THE PLACE A SNIFF-OVER. HE SAID IT WAS ALL CLEAR.

REALLY? NOW WE'RE TAKING THE WORD OF THE STUPIDEST CANINE IN THE SMART-DOG PROGRAM?

BBBBBBB

THAT...THAT WAS UNCALLED FOR.

SCOOBY IS A WONDERFUL DOG. IN FACT, I COUNT HIM AMONG MY FEW FRIENDS AT THE COMPLEX.

YOU HAD FRIENDS?

SIGH NO. AT BEST I HAD ACQUAINTANCES OF THE MOST SUPERFICIAL NATURE.

AND I SUSPECT THEY ONLY INTERACTED WITH ME BECAUSE I WAS THEIR DIRECT SUPERIOR.

NOT THAT IT REALLY MATTERED. AS I'VE SAID BEFORE, SOCIAL INTERCOURSE ISN'T MY FORTE.

THAT WHY IT WAS SO EASY FOR YOU TO UNLEASH A NANITE SWARM CAPABLE OF DESTROYING THE WORLD?

IT *IS* POSSIBLE TO BE UNCOMFORTABLE WITH INDIVIDUAL PEOPLE AND STILL LOVE HUMANITY AS A WHOLE.

BUT YOU'RE RIGHT: INTENTIONAL OR NOT, I'M AS RESPONSIBLE AS THE FOUR FOR WHAT HAPPENED.

MAYBE YOU SHOULD JUST *LEAVE ME HERE* AND--

DOCTOR DINKLEY? *VELMA...?*

ARE YOU CRYING?

MERELY AN EFFICIENT WAY FOR THE BODY TO ELIMINATE STRESS HORMONES.

I MEAN, AFTER ALL-- A WOMAN LIKE ME COULDN'T *POSSIBLY* HAVE FEELINGS.

LOOK, NO ONE'S GETTING LEFT BEHIND. I KNOW I'VE BEEN HARSH WITH YOU... MAYBE TOO HARSH... BUT WE NEED YOU, VELMA.

THIS... THIS *TEAM* ISN'T GOING TO MAKE IT WITHOUT YOU.

WELL, WHADDAYOU KNOW? YOU'RE BONDING!

WE'RE NOT BONDING! WE'RE JUST--

NEVER MIND! WHAT DO YOU WANT, FRED?

SCOOB WAS RIGHT. LOOKS CLEAR INSIDE.

I'M GONNA PULL THE RIG UP CLOSER.

C'MON, GANG--WE'VE GOT SOME SERIOUS LOOTING T'DO!

NOW *THERE'S* A SENTENCE I NEVER THOUGHT WOULD COME OUT OF MY MOUTH.

DAPHNE...?

YEAH?

I...AH...JUST WANT TO SAY THAT YOUR ATTEMPT AT A COMPASSIONATE INTERACTION WAS... *UM*...NOTED AND APPRECIATED.

IF THAT WAS A *"THANK YOU,"* THEN I UNDERSTAND WHY YOU NEVER HAD ANY FRIENDS.

BUT FOR THE RECORD--

--YOU'RE WELCOME.

IT'S A TOTAL MESS IN THERE-- BUT THERE'S LOTS TO SALVAGE.

FOOD, ELECTRONICS, MEDS, CLOTHING.

I WAS NEVER A FAN OF BIG-BOX STORES...MY FOLKS OWNED A LITTLE GROCERY AND PLACES LIKE THIS PUT 'EM OUT OF BUSINESS...BUT I'VE GOTTA ADMIT--

--WE'VE HIT THE MOTHER-LODE.

I HOPE SCOOBY-DOO IS RIGHT ABOUT THE STORE BEING CLEAR--

--'CAUSE THERE ARE PLENTY OF PLACES IN THERE FOR A THOUSAND CREEPY-CRAWLIES TO BE HIDING.

WE SAW ALL MANNER OF MUTATED CREATURES BACK AT THE COMPLEX--

--AND IT'S VERY POSSIBLE THAT SOME OF THEM HAVE EVOLVED INTO A STATE BEYOND DETECTION BY OUR SENSES.

THAT'S HEARTENING.

I KNOW. IT'S ALL SO INCREDIBLY VAGUE. IF WE'RE GOING TO COME UP WITH A WAY TO FIX THIS, WE NEED INFORMATION.

AND IN ORDER TO ACCESS THAT INFORMATION--I NEED A LAPTOP.

WELL, FRED SAID THEY'RE LOADED WITH ELECTRONICS-- AND, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, I THINK WE CAN FIND YOU A GREAT DEAL.

BIG

20% OFF

THIS SIDE UP

BUT IF THE POWER'S OUT EVERYWHERE, THEN--

WE DON'T KNOW THAT IT'S EVERYWHERE. AND IF I CAN FIND AN INTERNET CONNECTION...GET INTO THE SERVERS AT ONE OF THE COMPLEX'S OTHER FACILITIES--

THERE ARE OTHER FACILITIES?

A NUMBER OF THEM--HERE IN THE STATES AND IN SEVERAL OTHER COUNTRIES.

SO ARE THERE OTHER SAFE ROOMS? OTHER SURVIVORS?

POSSIBLY. THAT'S ONE OF THE THINGS WE NEED TO FIND OUT.

OKAY, THEN--

--LET'S GO SHOPPING.

AND IF ANY BEASTIES COME CHARGING OUT OF THE SHADOWS, DON'T WORRY--

--I'VE GOT YOUR BACK.

YOU...YOU *DO?*

Take 20% off any Present this or valid for in-stion

DIDN'T YOU HEAR WHAT I SAID BEFORE? WE'RE A TEAM.

AND THAT'S WHAT TEAMMATES DO.

BUT A WORD OF WARNING, DOC--

30% OFF

CLEARANCE SALE CLEARANCE SALE

--IF IT TURNS OUT YOU'RE *PLAYING* US, THE CONSEQUENCES--

WELL, LET'S JUST SAY THEY WON'T BE PRETTY.

UNDERSTOOD. AND FOREWARNED *IS* FOREAR--

CHECK IT OUT, SCOOB!

FIVE-POUND BAGS OF POTATO CHIPS! DOZENS OF 'EM!

DIP?

BUCKETS OF IT, BUDDY! *BUCKETS* OF IT!

RET'S EAT!

tater Chips

WELL, YOU CERTAINLY CAN'T FAULT THOSE TWO FOR LACK OF ENTHUSIASM.

ALTHOUGH I DON'T SEE HOW SODIUM-RICH SNACK FOOD IS GOING TO HELP US STAVE OFF THE APOCALYPSE. WE REALLY--

VELMA-- *LOOK OUT!*

LOOK OUT FOR WHAT?

...JINKIES...

THE DEAD MAN. OR WHAT'S *LEFT* OF HIM.

WHATEVER DID THIS TO HIM COULD STILL BE IN THE AREA.

NOT JUST YET.

LET'S GRAB WHAT WE NEED AND GET ON THE ROAD BEFORE--

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?

JUST GIVE ME A MINUTE.

TO WHAT?

DESECRATE A CORPSE? HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MI--

RO NOOOO!

SHRRRIPP

SHAGGY? SCOOBY? WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG?

REVERYTHING!

THE *FREEZERS* HAVE BEEN OUT FOR DAYS! ALL THE PIZZAS HAVE GONE BAD! NOT T'MENTION THE COCKTAIL FRANKS AN' ICE CREAM!

OH, THE *HUMANITY!*

REALLY? IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT AND YOU TWO ARE FREAKING OUT BECAUSE OF SOME SPOILED COCKTAIL FRANKS AND ICE CREAM?

AND THE PIZZAS! DON'T FORGET THE PIZZAS!

MAYBE THIS ISN'T REALLY HAPPENING. MAYBE IT'S ALL JUST A BAD DREAM AND--

DAPHNE... CALM DOWN.

I AM CALM!

OKAY, MAYBE I'M NOT. BUT CAN YOU BLAME ME?

WE'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES WHO HAVEN'T BEEN INFECTED BY THE NANITE PLAGUE.

BETWEEN SHAGGY AND SCOOBY'S FOOD OBSESSION AND YOUR SPONTANEOUS AUTOPSIES, I'M--

WAIT. *WHAT* DID YOU SAY?

I SAID WE'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES NOT INFECTED.

HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?

LOOK.

THAT'S DISGUSTING!! WHAT KIND OF GHOUL ARE YOU?!

SHOULD WE GO SEE WHAT SHE'S SCREAMING ABOUT?

NAH. I KNOW THAT TONE. DAPH'S ABOUT TO CALL VELMA EVERY NAME IN THE BOOK...AND A FEW THAT AREN'T.

SHE CAN BE A LITTLE EXCITABLE.

A LITTLE?

DAPHNE'S A PASSIONATE WOMAN. SHE REALLY CARES. ABOUT EVERYTHING.

WELL, *ALMOST* EVERYTHING.

YOU'VE GOT IT BAD, HAVEN'T YOU?

=SIGH= I'VE BEEN IN LOVE WITH HER SINCE THE MOMENT SHE FIRST WALKED INTO FILM STUDIES 101.

I'D SIT THERE LISTENING TO HER TALKING ABOUT *CHIMES AT MIDNIGHT* OR *THE SEVENTH SEAL*-- AND I'D JUST MELT IN MY CHAIR.

SO HOW COME YOU TWO NEVER--?

WE DID, ACTUALLY. SECOND SEMESTER, FRESHMAN YEAR. AND IT WAS A DISASTER. WE JUST DIDN'T WORK AS A COUPLE.

AT LEAST DAPHNE DIDN'T THINK SO.

BUT BY THAT TIME WE WERE SUCH GOOD FRIENDS THAT--

UH... CAN WE NOT TALK ABOUT THIS RIGHT NOW?

NO PROBLEM. IT'S NOT LIKE I'M GONNA GIVE YOU ANY EXPERT ADVICE ON WOMEN. MOST OF MY RELATIONSHIPS HAVE BEEN, LIKE, TOTAL DISASTERS.

OF COURSE, NOW THE *WHOLE WORLD'S* A TOTAL DISASTER, SO--

WE DON'T KNOW THAT. THIS CONTAGION MIGHT BE LOCALIZED.

YOU REALLY THINK SO? I MEAN, TAKE A LOOK AROUND.

THIS PLACE IS TOTALLY DESERTED. DOES THAT EVEN MAKE SENSE?

NOTHING MAKES SENSE ANYMORE.

BUT I'M AN OPTIMIST AT HEART. AND I REALLY BELIEVE THAT, HOWEVER BAD THINGS SEEM RIGHT NOW--

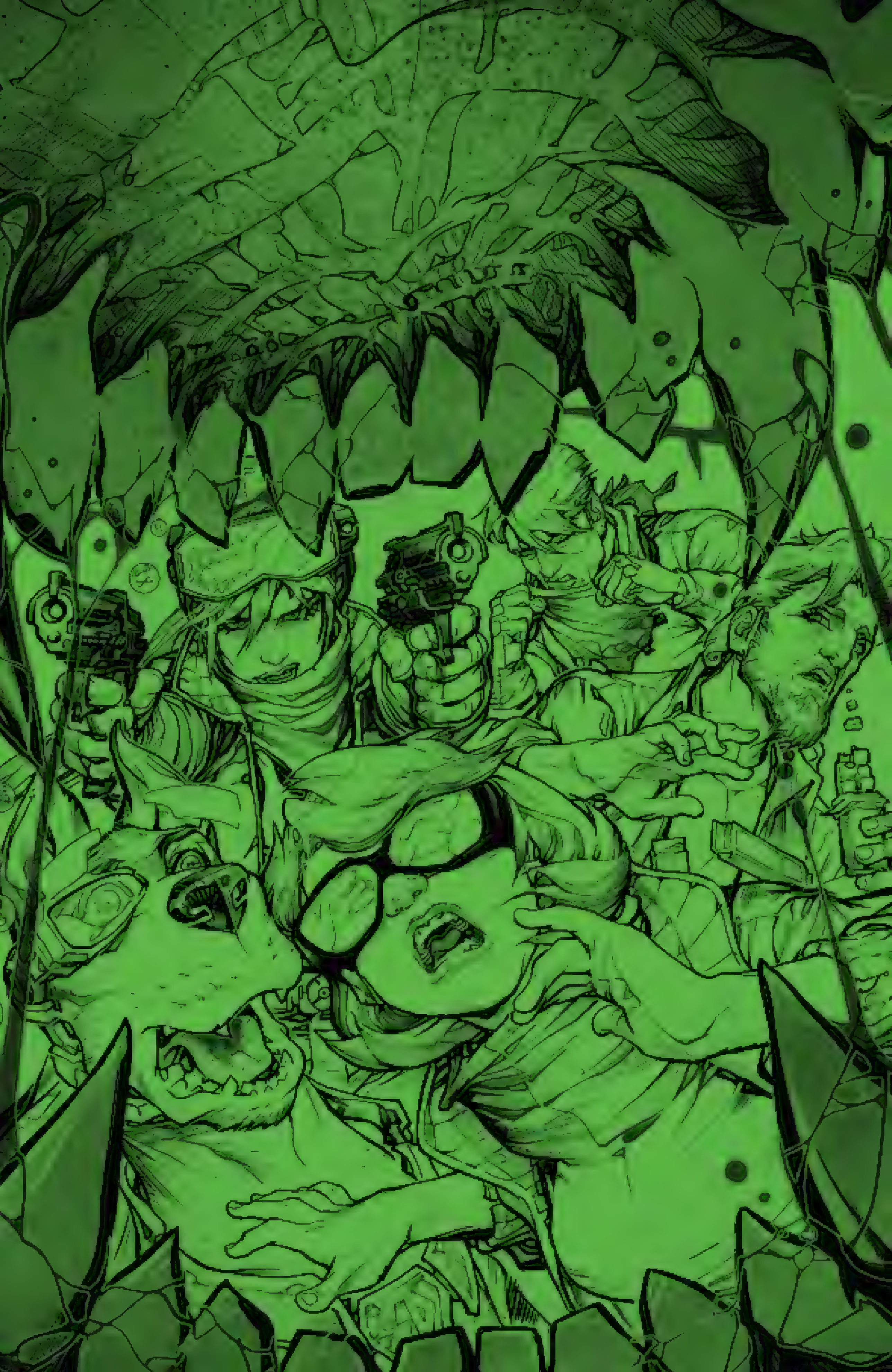
EXIT

ENTER

--IT'S ABOUT TO GET A *LOT* BETTER.

I HOPE SO, DUDE.

I *REALLY* HOPE SO.



NEVADA...

DCC038356

...CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS? ONE MINUTE I'M *DAPHNE BLAKE,* AWARD-WINNING TELEVISION JOURNALIST--

--AND THE NEXT I'M STUCK IN A BLACKED-OUT *MALL-MART,* WAITING FOR THE END OF THE WORLD.

"AWARD-WINNING"? YOU WERE THE LOWEST-RATED SHOW ON *THE KNITTING CHANNEL.*

NEVER MIND THAT. WHAT WERE YOU SAYING BEFORE ABOUT US NOT BEING THE ONLY SURVIVORS OF THIS *MONSTER PLAGUE?*

I SAID I *THINK* WE MAY NOT BE THE ONLY SURVIVORS.

AND WHAT WAS IT YOU SO DISGUSTINGLY PULLED OUT OF THAT DEAD BODY WHEN WE--

IF YOU WANT ANSWERS, THEN STOP TALKING SO I CAN CONCENTRATE ON WHAT I'M DOING.

WHICH IS?

USING THIS FLOOR-MODEL LAPTOP TO LOG IN TO *THE COMPLEX'S* SERVERS.

IT'S ONLY GOT A HALF-HOUR'S WORTH OF BATTERY LEFT-- AT BEST.

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE THE SIEGE!

KEITH GIFFEN ORIGINATION J.M. DEMATTEIS EXTRAPOLATION HOWARD PORTER DELINEATION
HI-FI AUGMENTATION NICK NAPOLITANO COMMUNICATION
HOWARD PORTER WITH HI-FI COVER

SO THE COMPLEX WE ESCAPED FROM WASN'T THE ONLY ONE?

YOU'RE STILL TALKING.

AND I'M GOING TO *KEEP* TALKING UNTIL I GET ANSWERS.

SIGH. THE COMPLEX WHERE I WORKED WAS OUR PRIMARY INSTALLATION--

--BUT THERE ARE MORE INSTALLATIONS HERE IN THE STATES--AND ACROSS THE WORLD.

IF *THEY'VE* SURVIVED THIS CRISIS, THEN--

"*CRISIS*"? IT'S THE FREAKING *APOCALYPSE!*

PERHAPS. PERHAPS NOT. THAT'S ONE OF THE THINGS WE NEED TO ASCERTAIN.

OF COURSE I WON'T BE ABLE TO LEARN *ANYTHING* IF YOU KEEP DISTRACTING ME WITH THIS INANE BLATHER.

I'M GUESSING THAT YOUR PARENTS DIDN'T SEND YOU TO CHARM SCHOOL.

AND YOURS DID...?

YES. IT DIDN'T *TAKE,* THOUGH.

CLEARLY!

I WAS A MASSIVE DISAPPOINTMENT TO MY MOTHER. "*WHY CAN'T YOU BE MORE LIKE YOUR SISTER THALIA,*" SHE USED TO SAY.

MY FATHER, ON THE OTHER HAND, ACCEPTED ME FOR WHO I WAS.

I DON'T RECALL REQUESTING A BIOGRAPHICAL PORTRAIT. IN FACT, I--

KRASHHH WHOOOMP

NOW WHAT?

PROBABLY MORE OF YOUR DAMN MONSTERS!

THEY'RE NOT *MY* MONSTERS!

KEEP TELLING YOURSELF THAT, *VELMA!* MAYBE IT'LL GIVE YOU SOME COMFORT--

--WHILE WE'RE BEING *EATEN ALIVE!*

ZOINKS!

ARE YOU THREE ALL RIGHT?

FOR NOW!

KAK-A-TOOOM

IS IT THOSE *VAMPIRES?* DID THEY FOLLOW US HERE?

NO! I-I'M NOT SURE *WHAT* THESE THINGS ARE--BUT THERE ARE DOZENS OF THEM OUT THERE--

--AND THEY WANT IN!

WHY DID YOU LET THEM IN?!

"*LET* THEM IN"? WE DIDN'T EXACTLY OPEN THE DOOR AND INVITE THEM TO DINNER!

THEY MUST HAVE BEEN MASSING OUT THERE FOR HOURS--JUST WAITING TO ATTACK US!

A COUPLE OF MINUTES AGO THEY STARTED SWARMING IN AND--

I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY DAMN EXCUSES!

"*EXCUSES*"? DAPH--WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

50% OFF

BLAM

AR2R2ad!

SORRY, *FRED*. AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH, I THINK MY NERVES ARE SHOT.

SPEAKING OF "*SHOT*"--

50% OFF

P-KOW

--I NEVER TOUCHED A GUN UNTIL A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO--

--AND WISH I NEVER HAD!

TELL ME ABOUT IT! I BELONGED TO EVERY GUN-CONTROL GROUP OUT THERE-- AND NOW I'M RUNNIN' AROUND BLASTIN' MONSTERS--

--LIKE THIS IS SOME KINDA VIDEO GAME!

B-BUT IT'S *NOT* SOME GAME! THESE CREATURES... THEY WERE *HUMAN* ONCE AND--

WE'VE GOTTA *MOVE!*

SAVE THE SOUL-SEARCHING FOR LATER, *SHAGGY!*

THERE ARE SO MANY OF THEM! HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET OUT?

KRAAK

MAYBE THEY'RE NOT AFTER US! MAYBE THE STORE'S HAVIN' A SALE--

--AND THESE DEVIL THINGEES ARE JUST HUNTIN' FOR BARGAINS!

ROWWR ROWWR GROWWR

THE ONLY BARGAIN THEY'RE HUNTING FOR IS CHEAP MEAT... AS IN DINNER--

--AS IN *US!*

GUYS--

KOWW

RUH-ROH!

MY THOUGHTS EXACTLY, *SCOOBY!*

--THERE ARE MORE OF THEM UP AHEAD! WE CAN'T GO FORWARD!

BUT IF WE, LIKE, CAN'T GO FORWARD AND WE CAN'T GO BACK-- WHERE DO WE GO?

UP!

UP?!

TOOOM

YOU HAVE A BETTER IDEA?

ASIDE FROM WETTING MY PANTS AND SHRIEKING LIKE A FIVE-YEAR-OLD? NO!

ATTENTION MALL-MART SHOPPERS--

--MOVE YOUR ASSES!

I'M WORRIED, DAPH--IF WE KEEP GETTING DEEPER INTO THE STORE, THEY'LL HAVE US TRAPPED!

BOOM

WE'RE TRAPPED *ALREADY!*

AT LEAST IF WE GET UP ABOVE THEM, WE'LL HAVE A FIGHTING--

ROOOOO

--CHANCE...!

DAPHNE!

KEEP GOING, FRED! KEEP SHAGGY AND SCOOBY SAFE! DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, I'LL--

ROWF!

SCOOBY-DOO! HE...HE SAVED ME!

HE SURE DID!

AN' T'THINK THOSE OTHER *SMART-DOGS* BACK AT THE COMPLEX THOUGHT HE WAS SOME KINDA WEAKLING! BUT HE REALLY--

RARRRR

I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT!

WITH GOOD REASON!

THEY'VE GOT US FLANKED!

SO THIS IS IT...? WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE...?

NOT YET!

IN HERE! QUICKLY!

HEY--IT'S VELMA! WE FORGOT ALL ABOUT HER!

WELL, *THAT'S* CERTAINLY HEART-WARMING!

IT'S GOOD TO KNOW I MEAN SO MUCH TO YOU!

DON'T TAKE IT PERSONALLY, DOC--WITH THESE THINGS ON OUR TAILS, IT'S HARD TO REMEMBER OUR OWN NAMES!

STOCK ROOM

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU FOUR WERE READY TO LEAVE ME BEHIND TO GET DISEMBOWELED BY THOSE MONSTROSITIES!

WE WOULD'VE COME BACK FOR YOU... EVENTUALLY.

AS I SAID: HEART-WARMING.

BY THE WAY, HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN HIDING, SAFE AND SOUND, IN THIS STOREROOM?

SLAM

WELL, AS SOON AS I REALIZED WE WERE UNDER ATTACK, I TOOK SHELTER HERE AND--

FORGOT ALL ABOUT *US?*

WHUMP!

SCRAAAAH!

THUD!

MAYBE.

WE'VE GOTTA BARRICADE THE DOOR!

WITH WHAT?

WE'RE IN A MALL-MART STORAGE ROOM!

SHAKKSKRAATCHWHUDTHUDSHAKKSKRAATCH

THERE'S USELESS CRAP EVERYWHERE!
SEVENTY POUND BAGS OF HAPPY OATS?
MAN, I LOVE HAPPY OATS!
NOT THE POINT.
NOW C'MON--GIMME A HAND WITH THIS STUFF BEFORE I GET A HERNIA!
I HAD HERNIA SURGERY WHEN I WAS TWELVE!
AGAIN: NOT THE POINT!
YEAH, WELL I'VE GOT A *BETTER* POINT FOR YOU.
WHICH IS?
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT'S THE *ONLY DOOR* INTO THIS STORAGE ROOM?

SHAKKSKRAATCHWHUDTHUDSHAKKSKRAATCH

HE'S RIGHT!
THERE'S USUALLY A LOADING DOCK IN THE BACK WITH ACCESS TO THE OUTSIDE!
THE REST OF YOU KEEP SHORING UP THE BARRICADE--I'LL GO CHECK IT OUT!
FRED--*NO!* IT'S *NOT* SAFE!
IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED, DAPH--"*SAFE*" HAS BECOME AN OUTMODED CONCEPT.
AT LEAST TAKE SCOOB WITH YOU. HE'LL HAVE YOUR BACK!
RI WILL?
HEY--I'VE SEEN YOU IN ACTION, BUDDY: YOU'VE BECOME A LEAN, MEAN FIGHTIN' MACHINE SINCE WE BUSTED OUTTA THE COMPLEX.

SHAKKSKRAATCHWHUDTHUDSHAKKSKRAATCH

YOU EVER THINK THAT HE'S JUST BEEN ACTING ON INSTINCT AND...BENEATH THAT...HE'S THE SAME SCARED PUPPY HE'S ALWAYS BEEN?
RECISELY!
HEY--SORRY, BUDDY. I DIDN'T REALIZE. I'LL GO WITH FRED IF YOU DON'T WANT TO.
RUH-RUH.
RI'LL GO.
YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, SCOOBY--Y'KNOW, FOR A DOG.
YOU TWO BE CAREFUL.
DON'T WORRY. I'M SHAKING TOO HARD TO BE ANYTHING ELSE.

C'MON--LET'S FINISH THIS DAMN BARRICADE BEFORE--

NO. WAIT.

WE CAN'T AFFORD TO WAIT! IT'S--

SHHH. LISTEN.

BUT... I DON'T HEAR ANYTHING.

I THINK THAT'S HER POINT.

THEY'VE STOPPED TRYING TO GET IN!

MAYBE THE FREDSTER'S RIGHT ABOUT THE OTHER DOOR.

THE QUESTION IS--WHY?

THEN WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK THERE AND HELP HIM BEFORE--

AND LEAVE *THIS* DOOR VULNERABLE?

I'LL GO TO HIM! YOU TWO STAY HERE AND KEEP WORKING ON THE BARRICADE!

THERE *IS* ANOTHER POSSIBILITY.

WHADDA YOU MEAN, DOC?

OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND.

A LITTLE MORE DETAIL PLEASE.

UNLIKE THE VAMPIRES WE FACED... WHO APPEARED TO BE GUIDED BY GENUINE INTELLIGENCE... THESE DEMONS ARE ATAVISTIC. MINDLESS PRIMITIVES GOVERNED BY RAW INSTINCT.

IT'S POSSIBLE THAT THEIR BRAINS ONLY REACT TO WHAT THEY SEE IN FRONT OF THEM. AND SINCE WE'RE HIDDEN BEHIND THIS DOOR--

"--THEY MAY HAVE SIMPLY *FORGOTTEN* THAT WE EXIST!"

OKAY, THE LOADING DOCK'S CLEAR AND THE DOOR LEADING OUTSIDE IS LOCKED--

--BUT THOSE DOORS THAT OPEN INTO THE *STORE*...?

RUH-ROH!

YOU SAY THAT A LOT, DON'T YOU?

RUH-HUH.

AND I CAN'T SAY I BLAME YOU!

BUT "*RUH-ROH*" OR NOT, WE'VE GOTTA DO SOMETHING TO JAM THOSE DOORS UP BEFORE--

SNIFF SNUFF SNIFF SNUFF

WHAT'S WITH THE SNIFFING, SCOOB?

ROT ARONE.

"*ROT ARONE*"? WHAT'S *THAT* SUPPOSED TO--

ARE YOU...ONE OF THEM?

OH. YOU MEAN WE'RE--

--NOT ALONE.

ARE YOU ONE OF THE THINGS FROM UNDER THE BED?

"*UNDER THE BED*"?

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN AFRAID OF THE THINGS UNDER THE BED. MOMMY AN' DADDY TOLD ME THEY WERE JUST MY 'MAGINATION.

BUT THEY WERE WRONG.

THE MONSTERS UNDER THE BED ARE REAL.

ARE YOU ONE OF THEM?

WHAT? NO. NO, WE'RE NOT MONSTERS. WE'RE PEOPLE--JUST LIKE YOU.

BUT... WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

MOMMY TOOK ME T'THE STORE TO BUY ME A NEW DRESS FOR HELEN'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

BUT THE MONSTERS... THEY GOT OUT FROM UNDER THE BED. THEY FOLLOWED US HERE AND NOW MOMMY'S DEAD AND--

YOU POOR KID. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

SARINA.

WELL DON'T YOU WORRY, SARINA. WE'LL PROTECT YOU.

YOU CAN'T. THE MONSTERS ARE EVERYWHERE. THEY--

FREDDY! FREDDY--ARE YOU ALL RI--

WAIT A MINUTE. IS THAT--

YEAH. AND WE'VE GOTTA HELP HER, DAPH. WE'VE GOTTA PROTECT HER FROM THOSE THINGS BEFORE--

I TOLD YOU: YOU *CAN'T* PROTECT ME. THE MONSTERS--

OH, MY *GOD--!*

ARE EVERYWHERE!!

"I FEEL LIKE I'M IN THE BROADWAY CAST OF *LES MISÉRABLES.*"

"EXCUSE ME?"

Y'KNOW, THE VALIANT REBELS BUILDING THE BARRICADES...?

ALMOST ALL OF THOSE "VALIANT REBELS" DIED.

TRUE-- BUT THEY DIED *SINGING.*

WILL YOU JOIN IN OUR--

NOT. ANOTHER. NOTE.

NOT A FAN OF MUSICALS, HUH?

NOT A FAN OF MUSIC. PERIOD.

THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE! HOW COULD ANYONE NOT--

BLAM

OH, NO.

IS THAT A SPECIFIC "OH NO" OR A GENERAL ONE?

SPECIFIC. AS IN, "OH NO--

"--IF THOSE DEMONS OUT THERE HEAR THAT GUNSHOT... AND I'M SURE THEY WILL--

HNNGH...?

GARRRR...?

"--THAT COULD VERY WELL SET OFF A SPARK IN THEIR DIM BRAINS--

ROWWWOOO!

GRAAAA!

"--AND REMIND THEM THAT WE'RE IN HERE!"

OH NO!

NOW YOU'VE GOT IT!

BUT WHADDA WE DO?

I BELIEVE DAPHNE HAD THE RIGHT IDEA EARLIER! *CLIMB!*

AND STAY QUIET!!

IF WE'RE SUPPOSED T'STAY QUIET--WHY ARE YOU YELLING?

EXCELLENT POINT!

WHAT THE HELL...?!

SOUNDS BAD...

AND IT'S GOING TO GET EVEN WORSE IF YOU DON'T GET UP!

GIMME A SECOND... T'CATCH MY BREATH.

THAT EXPLODING... *WHATEVER-IT-WAS* KNOCKED ME OFF MY FEET WHEN WE BLEW IT APART.

WE DON'T *HAVE* A SECOND!

WE'VE GOT TO SCALE THESE SHELVES--CLIMB TO A SAFE PLACE AND HIDE!

BUT WHAT ABOUT SCOOBY? HE CAN'T--

RES RI CAN!

HOW'S HE DOING THAT?

HE'S A CYBERNETICALLY ENHANCED SMART-DOG... REMEMBER? HE CAN CLIMB BETTER THAN YOU CAN!

I CAN CLIMB JUST FINE, THANK YOU!

ALTHOUGH I *DO* HAVE A SERIOUS PROBLEM WITH HEIGHTS.

THEN DON'T LOOK DOWN!

TOO LATE!

...SO WHAT *WAS* THAT THING WE SHOT BACK THERE? WAS IT REALLY A LITTLE KID--

--OR WAS IT SOME CHAMELEON-LIKE CREATURE *MIMICKING* THE FORM OF A CHILD AND--

QUIET, FRED--

--I HEAR THEM COMING!

ROWWWR

SNNRRRR

KNNN

SHAAAAA

GRAAAK

ROARRR

KRAAK

SWATT

AH-R-O-O-O!

SHRIPPP

UNNNG!

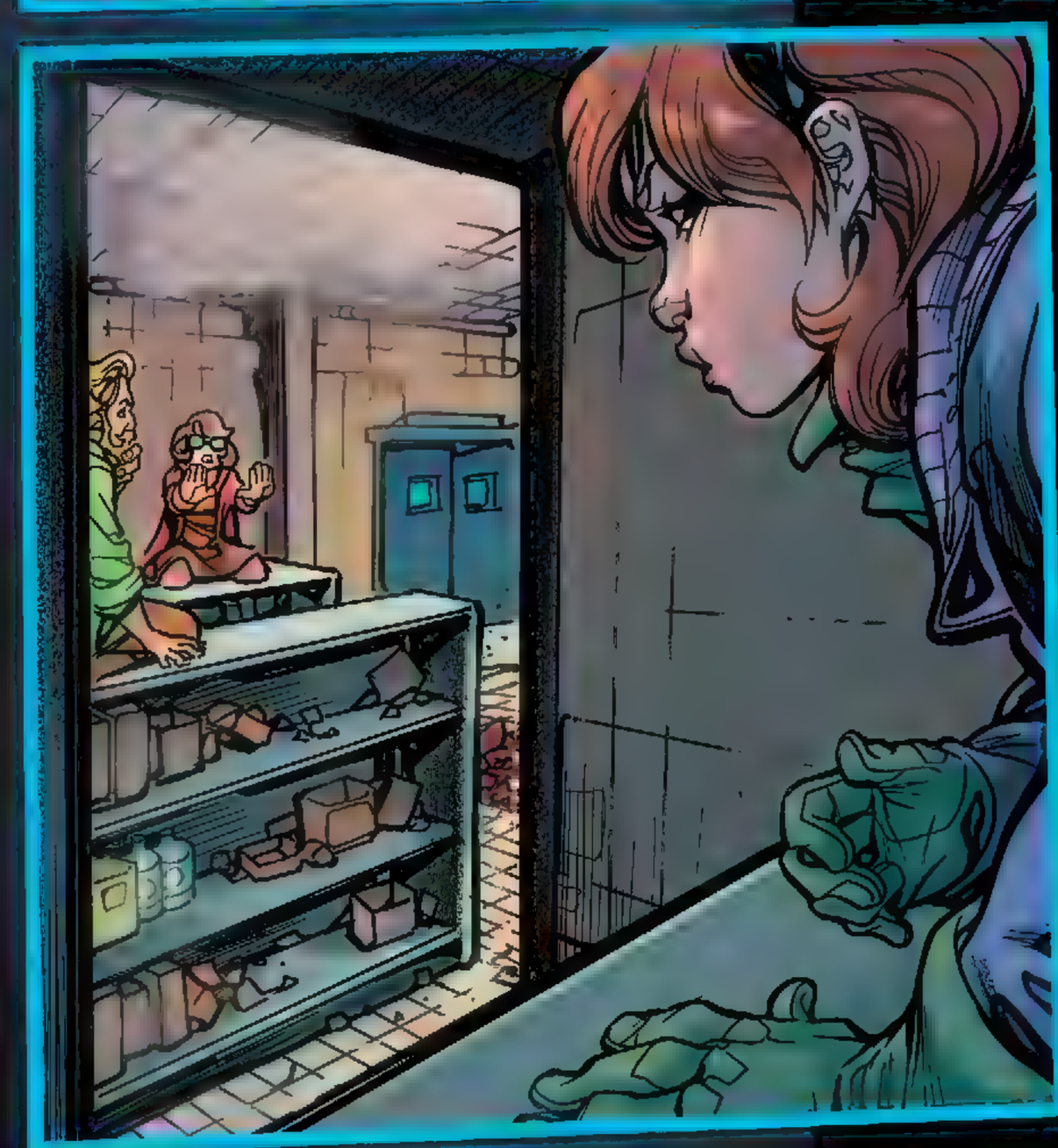
HOWWOO

SLAASH!

TOOOM!

MALL-MAR
SUPERST

MALL-MAR
SUPERST



ROKAY...?

NO IT IS *NOT* "ROKAY"! YOU SCARED ME HALF TO DEATH!

CORRECTION: YOU SCARED ME *THREE-QUARTERS* TO DEATH!

RORRY.

I'M AFRAID "*RORRY*" JUST ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH! DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT IF I'D SCREAMED--

--THOSE DEVILS WOULD HAVE *HEARD* IT AND WE MIGHT ALL BE *DEAD* RIGHT NOW?

RORRY.

REPEATING AN INEFFECTUAL APOLOGY DOESN'T MAKE IT ANY BETTER!

RORRY.

RORRY.

RORRY.

ARGH!

STOP THAT!

RORRY.

AS AMUSING AS THIS IS... AND IT *REALLY* IS--

"--WE'D BETTER GET DOWN THERE AND MAKE SURE EVERY DOOR IN THIS STORE-ROOM IS FORTIFIED."

...THAT SHOULD DO IT!

SURE WE DIDN'T MISS ANYTHING?

NO WORRIES, DUDE--I TRIPLE-CHECKED. WE'VE GOT EVERY DOOR AND VENTILATION SHAFT COVERED.

AND CONSIDERING THERE'S ENOUGH GRUB IN HERE TO LAST US A COUPLE OF YEARS--

--WE'RE IN PRETTY GOOD SHAPE.

IF *"PRETTY GOOD SHAPE"* MEANS WE SPEND THE REST OF OUR LIVES TRAPPED IN A MALL-MART!

NOT THE REST OF OUR LIVES. WE JUST HAVE T'WAIT TILL THOSE DEVIL-THINGEES GET BORED AND HIT THE ROAD.

AND IF THEY DON'T GET BORED?

HEY--*PROJECT* A POSITIVE UNIVERSE AND YOU *MANIFEST* A POSITIVE UNIVERSE. PROJECT *PARANOIA* AND YOU MANIFEST--

IF WE ACCIDENTALLY MAKE TOO MUCH NOISE AND THEY COME BACK HERE TO INVESTIGATE...?

I'M NOT PROJECTING *ANYTHING!* THE WHOLE DAMN WORLD HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO VAMPIRES AND DEMONS AND *GOD KNOWS* WHAT ELSE! WE MAY BE THE ONLY ONES LEFT--

--AND I AM NOT SPENDING THE REST OF WHAT LITTLE TIME I HAVE TRAPPED IN A MALL-MART STORE-ROOM LISTENING TO *NEW AGE BROMIDES!*

WEREN'T YOU JUST SAYING SOMETHING ABOUT "TOO *MUCH NOISE*"?

I WOULDN'T PANIC JUST YET, DAPHNE.

I AM *NOT* PANICKING!

LET'S BE HONEST: WE'RE *ALL* PANICKING. THAT SAID--

--GIVEN WHAT WE WITNESSED EARLIER, THERE'S EVERY CHANCE THE CREATURES HAVE SLAUGHTERED EACH OTHER.

OR AT LEAST CONSIDERABLY THINNED THE HERD.

SO WE'RE SAFE UNTIL THE NEXT NIGHTMARE COMES ALONG?

THAT'S WHY I NEED TO LOG INTO THE COMPLEX'S SERVERS. IF I CAN REACH THEM, THEY MIGHT BE ABLE TO ASSIST US AND--

"ASSIST US"? THEY *CAUSED* THIS MESS IN THE FIRST PLACE!

YES. YES THEY DID. BUT THEY'VE ALSO GOT THE RESOURCES TO HELP US--

--AND PERHAPS RECLAIM THE PLANET.

IF ANY OF THEM ARE STILL ALIVE.

I WON'T KNOW THAT UNTIL I MAKE THE ATTEMPT.

SO GET TO IT.

I'D LOVE TO, BUT--

--I... UH... DROPPED THE LAPTOP WHEN THE CREATURES ATTACKED.

YOU DROPPED IT?!

HEY, HEY--TAKE A DEEP BREATH, DAPHNE!

I'M SURE THERE ARE PLENTY MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM. IN FACT, I SAW STACKS OF ELECTRONICS IN THE BACK.

THEN LET'S START LOOKING.

YOU *DO* THAT!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

ANYWHERE BUT HERE!

I SWEAR TO *GOD*, EVERY TIME I GIVE THAT LITTLE WEASEL HALF A CHANCE, SHE DOES SOMETHING TO PISS ME OFF ALL OVER AGAIN!

DINKLEY IS LYING TO US! SHE KNOWS MORE ABOUT WHAT'S HAPPENING THAN SHE'S LETTING ON--

--AND WHEN I FIND OUT, I'M GONNA PUNCH HER IN THAT ARROGANT FACE AND THEN KICK HER STRAIGHT TO--

LISTEN TO ME! I SOUND LIKE SOME KIND OF... CRAZY PERSON!

VELMA'S AS SCARED... AS CONFUSED... AS THE REST OF US. JUST BECAUSE SHE WORKED FOR THE COMPLEX DOESN'T MEAN SHE'S LYING.

HELL, IT MAKES HER A HERO FOR TRYING TO EXPOSE HER BOSSES.

SO WHY DON'T I TRUST HER?

MAYBE IT'S NOT *ABOUT* TRUST. MAYBE I JUST NEED AN OUTLET FOR MY *OWN* FEAR AND CONFUSION--AND VELMA'S A CONVENIENT TARGET. OR MAYBE--

--ALL MY SUSPICIONS ARE RIGHT.

GUESS THE ONLY WAY I'LL KNOW FOR SURE IS TO GIVE HER A LITTLE MORE ROPE. LET HER PROVE HERSELF... OR HANG HERSELF.

WHICH MEANS WE'VE *GOT* TO FIND HER A LAPTOP. VELMA'S GOAL MAY BE TO SAVE US OR BETRAY US--BUT, EITHER WAY, SHE'LL LEAD US TO THE COMPLEX--

--AND WE'LL GET ANSWERS.

BUT THERE ARE THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF ITEMS STACKED UP BACK HERE. IT'S NOT GONNA BE EASY TRACKING DOWN A--

OH.

"SO I'VE BEEN THINKIN', DOC."

"WHAT ABOUT?"

GAMING LAPTOP

WSB PLAN19

THOSE DEVIL-THINGEES. IT'S LIKE THE ONLY REASON THEY WERE TRAVELIN' TOGETHER WAS BECAUSE THEY WERE ALL AFTER THE SAME PREY AT THE SAME TIME.

SOON AS WE WERE OUT OF THE PICTURE, THEY TURNED ON *EACH OTHER.*

WHAT'S TO THINK ABOUT? THEY'RE PRIMITIVE BEASTS THAT--

HEAR ME OUT. YOU SAID *THE ELYSIAN PROJECT'S* GOAL WAS TO PACIFY THE POPULACE. BREED OUT THE INSTINCTS FOR VIOLENCE.

VIOLENCE-- AND A VARIETY OF *OTHER* HARMFUL INSTINCTS.

WELL, ONE WAY T'MAKE SURE THAT PEOPLE STAY SUPER-MELLOW IS TO KEEP 'EM AWAY FROM *OTHER* PEOPLE.

AN... INTERESTING THEORY. BUT A... *UM*... FLAWED ONE.

I DUNNO ABOUT THAT.

IF THOSE NANITES BRED OUT SOCIAL INSTINCTS... IF PEOPLE NATURALLY SHIED AWAY FROM GROUPS--

WHAT PURPOSE WOULD THAT SERVE?

THERE'S *POWER* IN GROUPS. WHEN PEOPLE GET TOGETHER, THEY START SHARIN' IDEAS. AN' IDEAS ARE A DANGER TO THE PEOPLE TRYIN' T'CONTROL US.

AN' IT SOUNDS LIKE CONTROL WAS WHAT *THE FOUR* WERE AFTER MORE THAN--

WSB PLAN 9

FAITH

TONG

--ANYTHING.

WHAT WAS THAT FOR?!

YOU WANTED A LAPTOP? I GOT YOU A LAPTOP!

BATTERY'S FULLY CHARGED!

YOU'RE *WELCOME!*

IN A WEIRD WAY--THAT WAS ACTUALLY NICE OF HER. MAYBE SHE'S WARMIN' UP T'YOU.

=SIGH= I JUST HOPE I *SURVIVE* IT.

WEB SLASHING VIDEOS!
CAMPING STOVE
boom
SALE
50¢ OFF
BUY
NOW YOU'RE COOKIN' GAS

DCCO38581

MALL-MART, SOMEWHERE IN NEVADA...

TRAPPED IN A BIG-BOX STORE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE...

MALL-MART SUPERSTORE

...WHILE DEMONS FROM HELL (OR A REASONABLE FACSIMILE THEREOF) RAMPAGE OUTSIDE.

NOT EXACTLY THE LIFE I ANTICIPATED FOR MYSELF. BUT THEN...

...NOTHING IN MY LIFE HAS *EVER* GONE AS ANTICIPATED.

STILL, THIS PARTICULAR CHAIN OF EVENTS HAS TRANSCENDED THE BOUNDARIES...

...OF EVEN MY MOST EXTREME SPECULATIONS.

RELMA...? REVERYTHING ROKAY?

NOT NOW, *SCOOBY-DOO.*

I'M TRYING TO RESTORE THE POWER SO THAT I CAN REBOOT MY LAPTOP AND ACCESS THE *COMPLEX'S* SERVERS.

IF I CAN CONTACT A TEAM AT ONE OF OUR SECONDARY INSTALLATIONS, THEY MAY BE ABLE TO HELP US SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE WORLD.

IF THEY'VE SURVIVED, THAT IS.

I'M TALKING TO A DOG. WHO UNDERSTANDS WHAT I'M SAYING. AND TALKS BACK!

THIS IS PURE INSANITY.

AND I'VE GOT NO ONE TO BLAME...

...BUT MYSELF.

The Secret History of VELMA DINKLEY

KEITH GIFFEN & J.M. DeMATTEIS: writers HOWARD PORTER: pencils/inks
WELLINTON ALVES: pencils SCOTT HANNA: inks

HI-FI: color TRAVIS LANHAM: letters HOWARD PORTER and HI-FI: cover

I WONDER WHAT MY FATHER WOULD SAY IF HE COULD SEE ME NOW? PROBABLY THE SAME THING HE'S BEEN SAYING MY ENTIRE LIFE. "VELMA--"

"--YOU'RE A TERRIBLE DISAPPOINTMENT TO ME."

I KNOW SCIENCE CLAIMS IT'S AN IMPOSSIBILITY, BUT I SWEAR I REMEMBER BEING BORN. TORN FROM THE COMFORT OF THE WOMB...

...INTO A COLD, UNCARING WORLD.

OH, I SUPPOSE MY MOTHER LOVED ME, IN HER AWKWARD, ANXIOUS WAY.

BUT FATHER? HE MADE HIS FEELINGS CLEAR...

...FROM THE VERY START.

SHE'S A LOVELY LITTLE THING--ISN'T SHE, *DALE?*

SHE'S A FRAGILE LITTLE RUNT, *ANGIE.* THE WORLD'S GOING TO DEVOUR HER--

--JUST THE WAY IT'S DEVOURED YOU.

NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I HAVE A MEETING WITH *SENATOR JAFFE.*

BUT, DALE--!

MOTHER TRIED HER BEST, BUT SHE WAS FOREVER HAVING WHAT SHE CALLED "TEENY-TINY BREAKDOWNS." RUNNING OFF TO "REST SPAS" FOR MONTHS AT A TIME.

SWEET LITTLE *VELMA*...I'M SO SORRY--

--FOR BOTH OF US.

FATHER WAS ALWAYS BUSY WITH POLITICS: A CAMPAIGN MANAGER FOR THREE CONGRESSMEN, TWO SENATORS AND ONE FAILED PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.

HE BELIEVED THAT IT WAS A PERSON'S DUTY TO SERVE THE GREATER GOOD. STRANGE, OF COURSE, THAT THE GOOD HE SO OFTEN LECTURED US ABOUT...

...RARELY EXTENDED TO HIS OWN FAMILY.

DINKLEY

THAT LEFT ME IN THE CARE OF NANNIES (MOST OF WHOM COULDN'T HAVE CARED *LESS*) AND, ON THE RARE OCCASIONS WHEN THEY DEIGNED TO LOOK AT ME...

...MY BROTHERS. OR AS I CAME TO CALL THEM (WITH BOTH MOCKERY AND ENVY)...

...THE FOUR.

THEY WERE LIKE ONE MIND IN A QUARTET OF BODIES, WITH A COLLECTIVE WILL AND PURPOSE THAT NEVER INCLUDED ME.

COULD I BLAME THEM? NOT COMPLETELY. I ALWAYS FELT DIFFERENT. APART. PERHAPS IT WAS MY GENIUS (I DO, AFTER ALL, HAVE AN IQ OF 161)...

...OR PERHAPS IT WAS SOMETHING DEEPER: I WAS NEVER COMFORTABLE (AND THAT'S PUTTING IT MILDLY) INTERACTING WITH OTHERS.

INTERPERSONAL EXCHANGES WERE ALWAYS CONFUSING, EMBARRASSING-- AND, FRANKLY, NOT WORTH THE EFFORT.

WHICH IS WHY I FOUND MYSELF AS ALONE AT SCHOOL AS I WAS AT HOME:

RESENTED FOR MY INTELLIGENCE. CONSTANTLY RIDICULED FOR MY SOCIAL AWKWARDNESS.

I HATED IT.

AND I HATED *THEM.*

SO I RETREATED EVEN MORE...

...INTO MY BOOKS. INTO MYSELF.

AND, IN MY OWN PECULIAR WAY...

...I WAS HAPPY. OR PERHAPS...

...I SIMPLY CONVINCED MYSELF I WAS.

HOW MANY TIMES WERE MY PARENTS CALLED UP TO SCHOOL TO DISCUSS MY DIFFICULTIES?

"VELMA'S A BRILLIANT CHILD," THE GUIDANCE COUNSELORS WOULD SAY, "BUT SHE SIMPLY DOESN'T FIT IN." (AS IF I NEEDED THAT EXPLAINED TO ME!)

"PERHAPS," THEY'D SUGGEST, "A SPECIAL SCHOOL FOR...GIFTED CHILDREN?"

IT CERTAINLY DIDN'T *FEEL* LIKE A GIFT.

SO I'D SIT ON THE STAIRS AT HOME AND LISTEN, WHILE MY PARENTS DEBATED MY FUTURE.

MOTHER DIDN'T WANT ME ISOLATED FROM "AVERAGE" CHILDREN. SHE WAS DESPERATE FOR ME TO HAVE SOMETHING VAGUELY RESEMBLING A NORMAL LIFE.

FATHER, ON THE OTHER HAND, SAW ONLY ONE WAY FOR HIS "LITTLE RUNT" TO SURVIVE...

...AND HE ALWAYS WON IN THE END.

SO IT WAS ANNOUNCED THAT I'D SOON BE SENT OFF TO A VERY ELITE, AND VERY EXPENSIVE, BOARDING SCHOOL.

I SHOULD HAVE BEEN ELATED...

...BUT I WAS TERRIFIED.

PERHAPS BECAUSE I KNEW THAT, EVEN IN THAT RARIFIED ENVIRONMENT, AMONG CHILDREN WHOSE IQS AT LEAST *APPROACHED* MY OWN...

...I'D STILL BE AN OUTCAST.

AND VERY MUCH ALONE.

HEY--

--WHAT ARE YOU *DOING* IN HERE?

WHAT? *UH*...NOTHING. JUST...WELL, YOU SEE--

M-MY ROOMMATE'S ALWAYS BLASTING HER MUSIC AND I...*AH*...CAN'T CONCENTRATE, SO--

SO YOU COME INTO THE *BATHROOM* TO READ?

I'LL... I'LL GO IF I'M BOTHERING YOU. I...*UM*...DIDN'T MEAN TO--

WAIT. IS THAT *FEYNMAN?*

EXCUSE ME?

IT IS!

"EVERYTHING WE KNOW IS ONLY SOME KIND OF APPROXIMATION, BECAUSE WE KNOW THAT WE DO NOT KNOW ALL THE LAWS YET."

YOU KNOW RICHARD FEYNMAN?

SHE DID. FEYNMAN AND HEISENBERG, PLANCK AND BOHR. AND SO MUCH MORE.

MADELYN WU WAS AS AWKWARD AS I WAS (OKAY, *NO ONE* WAS THAT AWKWARD, BUT SHE CAME CLOSE), NEARLY AS INTELLIGENT--AND AS MUCH THE OUTCAST.

FOR THE FIRST--AND PERHAPS ONLY--TIME I ENCOUNTERED ANOTHER MIND AS BROAD, AS INQUISITIVE, AS HUNGRY FOR KNOWLEDGE, AS MY OWN.

AND FOR THE FIRST--AND PERHAPS ONLY--TIME...

...I HAD A *FRIEND.*

TRUE, IT WAS A FRIENDSHIP ROOTED IN MENTAL, NOT EMOTIONAL, CONNECTION. BUT, FOR SOMEONE LIKE ME...

...THAT WAS FAR PREFERABLE.

SUMMER VACATION CRAWLED ALONG LIKE AN INEBRIATED SLUG THAT YEAR. I COULDN'T WAIT TO GET BACK TO SCHOOL. TO SEE MADELYN AGAIN AND CONTINUE OUR INTELLECTUAL VOYAGES.

BUT, AS I SOON DISCOVERED...

VELMA!

MADELYN...?

...MY FRIEND HAD SPENT *HER* VACATION ON A DIFFERENT KIND OF VOYAGE. ONE THAT INVOLVED EXPLODING HORMONES.

SHE HAD, AS ADULTS LIKE TO SAY, BLOSSOMED--AND NOT JUST PHYSICALLY. MADELYN WU HAD COMPLETELY TRANSFORMED...

...INTO A CREATURE I COULDN'T BEGIN TO FATHOM.

I LISTENED, STUNNED, AS SHE BLATHERED ON AND ON ABOUT THE BOY SHE'D BEEN DATING, THE NEW FRIENDS SHE'D MADE.

HOW SHE COULDN'T WAIT FOR ME TO COME VISIT DURING OCTOBER BREAK AND MEET THEM ALL AND BLAHBLAHBLAH.

AT FIRST I THOUGHT IT WAS A PERFORMANCE: THAT MADDY WAS MOCKING THE SMUG, SHALLOW GIRLS WHO'D TREATED US BOTH SO CRUELLY FOR SO LONG.

BUT WHEN I REALIZED THAT SHE WASN'T JOKING...

WILL YOU *PLEASE SHUT UP?!*

...SOMETHING SNAPPED INSIDE ME.

VELMA! WH-WHAT ARE YOU...?

DO YOU THINK I GIVE A DAMN WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY?

YOU THINK I *EVER* DID?

YOU WERE NEVER MY FRIEND! YOU WERE...YOU WERE LIKE A *PET MONKEY* THAT I KEPT AROUND FOR MY AMUSEMENT!

YOU'RE SO FAR BENEATH ME I CAN HARDLY *SEE* YOU!

AND THAT'S TRUE FOR ALL OF YOU!

YOU ACT LIKE YOU'RE SO SMART! SO SUPERIOR! BUT NEXT TO ME, YOU'RE *BRAIN DEAD--*

--EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU!

AND ONE DAY YOU'RE ALL GOING TO SEE WHAT I--

...I...

YEARS OF FRUSTRATION, LONELINESS AND HURT ROARING OUT--AND DID I HURT THEM IN RETURN? DID I AT LEAST MAKE THEM THINK ABOUT WHAT THEY'D DONE? NO.

THEY JUST LAUGHED AT ME--AS THEY ALWAYS HAD. ALL EXCEPT MADELYN.

I *KNOW* I HURT HER. I'D LIKE TO SAY I REGRET IT...

...BUT I DON'T. BECAUSE MADELYN WU TAUGHT ME AN IMPORTANT LESSON:

PEOPLE LIKE ME CAN'T *HAVE* FRIENDS. PEOPLE LIKE ME...

...DESERVE TO BE ALONE.

MY PARENTS HAD DIVORCED BY THEN--I RARELY SAW MOTHER AFTER THAT--AND IT WAS EASY ENOUGH TO CONVINCE FATHER THAT I SHOULD BE HOME-SCHOOLED.

AFTER ALL, KEEPING HIS PECULIAR DAUGHTER LOCKED AWAY IN THE HOUSE SPARED HIM NO END OF EMBARRASSMENT.

GIVEN MY EXTRAORDINARY INTELLIGENCE, I WAS QUICKLY ENROLLED IN DISTANCE-LEARNING PROGRAMS AT AN ARRAY OF IVY LEAGUE UNIVERSITIES.

BY THE TIME I WAS SEVENTEEN, I'D EARNED DOCTORATES IN BIOLOGY, CHEMISTRY, PHYSICS, ASTROPHYSICS, ASTRONOMY, MATH AND ENGINEERING.

BUT NO AMOUNT OF ACHIEVEMENT EVER EVOKED MORE THAN A GRUDGING NOD FROM MY FATHER. AS FOR MY BROTHERS:

ON THE RARE OCCASIONS THEY VISITED (THEY WERE, AFTER ALL, GROWN MEN NOW, BUSY CONQUERING THEIR RESPECTIVE FIELDS)...

...THE FOUR IGNORED ME, AS THEY ALWAYS HAD. BUT, BY THEN...

...I'D GIVEN UP CARING.

BUT IF I'M HONEST, I MUST ADMIT THERE WAS A PART OF ME THAT WANTED TO BELONG TO SOMETHING BIGGER THAN MYSELF.

EVEN AS I CONTINUED TO RETREAT INTO A WORLD OF PURE KNOWLEDGE, I LONGED TO REACH OUT, TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE IN THE LIVES OF THE MASSES I BOTH ENVIED AND DESPISED.

PERHAPS IT WAS FATHER'S CONSTANT LECTURES ABOUT SERVING THE GREATER GOOD. PERHAPS I HOPED THAT, BY SOMEHOW IMPROVING ***HUMANITY'S*** LOT, I COULD MAKE MY ***OWN*** LOT BETTER.

BUT WANTING TO SERVE HUMANKIND AND INTERACTING WITH OTHER PEOPLE WERE TWO VASTLY DIFFERENT THINGS...

...WHICH MAY EXPLAIN WHY I ACCEPTED A JOB AT A RESEARCH CENTER IN THE MOST REMOTE, DESOLATE REGION OF THE SOUTH POLE.

AND EVEN THERE, I SOUGHT DEEPER ISOLATION: WORKING NOT AT THE MAIN LAB WITH THE ENTIRE TEAM, BUT ALONE AT A SUBSTATION MILES AWAY.

SIX MONTHS OF PERPETUAL DAYLIGHT PASSED...

...FOLLOWED BY SIX MONTHS OF PERPETUAL NIGHT.

I SPENT ***FOUR YEARS*** LIKE THAT--STUDYING THE COLDNESS OF SPACE, THE LIGHT OF DISTANT STARS. AND EVERYTHING WAS FINE.

UNTIL IT *WASN'T.*

AND SO, LIKE MY MOTHER BEFORE ME, I WAS DISPATCHED TO A "REST HOME." MY FATHER PAID, OF COURSE, BUT HE NEVER VISITED. NO ONE DID...

...UNTIL, TO MY ABSOLUTE ASTONISHMENT, *THE FOUR* ARRIVED, EXPRESSING (OR PERHAPS FEIGNING) CONCERN FOR MY WELL-BEING.

MY BROTHERS HAD DONE VERY WELL FOR THEMSELVES: ONE HAD FOLLOWED MY FATHER INTO THE POLITICAL ARENA. ANOTHER HAD RISEN HIGH IN THE MILITARY. A THIRD WORKED IN WHAT HE CALLED THE "CLANDESTINE SERVICE." AND THE FOURTH?

A SCIENTIST--WITH FAR LESS GENIUS, BUT PERHAPS FAR MORE VISION...

...THAN HIS SISTER POSSESSED.

THEY EACH SPOKE IN TURN, TELLING ME ABOUT THEIR PLANS FOR *THE COMPLEX* (WHICH WAS ALREADY BEING BUILT)...

...HOW THE FOUR OF THEM HAD POOLED THEIR RESOURCES, THEIR CONNECTIONS IN GOVERNMENT AND THE PRIVATE SECTOR...

...TO CREATE AN ORGANIZATION THAT WOULD BE MORE EFFICIENT THAN BOTH.

THAT WOULD SERVE THE GREATER GOOD AND CHANGE THIS TROUBLED WORLD FOR THE BETTER, BRINGING FORTH...

...A GOLDEN AGE.

BUT IN ORDER TO MAKE OUR VISION A REALITY, WE NEED A *SUPERIOR MIND*, VELMA. WE NEED *YOU*.

ME? YOU FOUR HAVE *NEVER* NEEDED ME. NEVER *WANTED* ME.

OR IS IT--

--THAT *YOU* NEVER WANTED *US?*

WHATEVER THE CASE--THE PAST IS DEAD AND GONE. THE FOUR ARE FINISHED.

FROM NOW ON--

--WE'LL BE *THE FIVE.*

MY RECOVERY WAS SWIFT AFTER THAT. IT TURNED OUT NOTHING HEALS A BROKEN MIND MORE THAN A PURPOSE-- AND BEING NEEDED.

I JOINED MY BROTHERS IN THEIR GRAND EXPERIMENT. HURLED MYSELF--WITH MORE ENTHUSIASM THAN I'D EVER KNOWN-- INTO LIFE AT THE COMPLEX.

I WANTED TO PROVE TO THEM THAT THEY WERE RIGHT, THAT I WAS THE ONE WHO COULD MANIFEST THEIR DREAMS. CREATE THE CUTTING-EDGE TECHNOLOGY THAT WOULD CARVE A GLORIOUS FUTURE.

AT LAST I WAS ONE OF THEM. WE WERE THE FIVE.

SO WHY--IN THE MIDST OF ALL THAT EXHILARATING ACTIVITY-- DID I STILL FEEL ISOLATED? WAS THERE A BOND BETWEEN MY BROTHERS THAT I SIMPLY COULDN'T PENETRATE?

OR WAS THERE SOMETHING *INSIDE ME,* A FUNDAMENTAL FLAW THAT PREVENTED ME FROM EVER MAKING A GENUINE CONNECTION WITH ANOTHER HUMAN BEING? AND NOT JUST MY BROTHERS.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE AROUND ME, ALL WORKING TOWARD A COMMON GOAL...

...AND I WAS STILL ALONE.

AND THEN CAME THE NIGHTMARE...

...AND THE REVELATION.

THE DREAM...THE MONSTERS: IT WAS AS IF EVERY DARK ASPECT OF HUMANKIND, EVERY NEGATIVE IMPULSE THAT DRAGS US DOWN...

...TOOK FORM IN MY MIND. BUT WHEN I WOKE UP...

...I KNEW HOW TO CHANGE IT. CHANGE *US!*

SO I RACED TO MY BROTHERS, LAID OUT THE FOUNDATION FOR A PROJECT I CALLED *ELYSIUM.*

EXPLAINED HOW WE COULD USE THE COMPLEX'S BREAKTHROUGHS IN NANOTECH, ALONG WITH OUR PIONEERING RESEARCH IN CHEMISTRY, PSYCHOLOGY AND BIOPHYSICS...

...TO RAISE HUMANITY UP TO A NEW LEVEL...

...TAMPING DOWN OUR DESTRUCTIVE IMPULSES--

--AND GIVING FULL REIN TO OUR BETTER ANGELS. MAKING LIFE ON EARTH A *PARADISE* SUCH AS WE HAVE *NEVER KNOWN.*

FLUSHED, TREMBLING, I WAITED FOR THEIR RESPONSE. WOULD THEY REJECT ME? WOULD THEY LAUGH?

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

IT WAS THE MOST WONDERFUL MOMENT...

...OF MY ENTIRE LIFE...

...MATCHED ONLY BY THE DAY, EIGHTEEN MONTHS LATER, WHEN I STOOD ON THAT BALCONY IN PARIS...

...AND SOWED THE *SEEDS OF EDEN* ON THE AIR. SCATTERING MY NANITES ACROSS THE PLANET.

MY GREATEST TRIUMPH?

MY GREATEST *TRAGEDY.*

WHEN I DISCOVERED MY BROTHERS HAD ALTERED MY WORK, THAT THEY WEREN'T JUST WEEDING OUT HUMANKIND'S NEGATIVE IMPULSES...

...BUT BREEDING IN A KIND OF PASSIVITY THAT WOULD ALLOW PEOPLE TO BE EASILY CONTROLLED...

...I KNEW I HAD TO ACT. EXPOSE THEM BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE. I FELT A PROFOUND HORROR AND A TERRIBLE SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY: TO MYSELF--AND TO THE WORLD I'D ENDANGERED.

AND, YES, I WANTED TO *PUNISH* THE FOUR FOR THEIR BETRAYAL, LASH OUT AT THEM FOR HURTING ME...

...JUST AS I'D ONCE LASHED OUT AT *MADELYN WU.* WAS THAT PETTY OF ME? PERHAPS. DID IT MAKE MY TASK ANY LESS URGENT?

NO.

BUT WHO COULD I TURN TO? THE COMPLEX HAD EYES AND EARS EVERYWHERE: I COULDN'T GO TO THE *NEW YORK TIMES* OR THE *WASHINGTON POST* OR THE *WALL STREET JOURNAL.*

I NEEDED SOMETHING, SOMEONE...

...JOIN US NEXT WEEK ON *DAPHNE BLAKE'S MYSTERIOUS MYSTERIES* AS WE INVESTIGATE THE INFAMOUS HUDSON VALLEY UFO SIGHTINGS--

--AND TALK TO A MAN WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE MATED WITH FIFTEEN DIFFERENT ALIEN RACES. RIGHT HERE-- ON THE *KNITTING CHANNEL.*

...OFF THE RADAR.

I KNEW OF DAPHNE'S BACKGROUND IN SERIOUS JOURNALISM, READ ABOUT HER PRECIPITOUS FALL FROM GRACE.

THE COMPLEX WOULDN'T BE PAYING ATTENTION TO THE HOST OF AN EMBARRASSING SHOW ON AN EMBARRASSING CABLE NETWORK.

SO I CALLED HER...

...AND PRAYED WE COULD DO SOMETHING, ANYTHING, TO STOP MY BROTHERS--BEFORE THE NIGHTMARES...

...DEVOURED US ALL.

I LIED TO DAPHNE THEN, ABOUT MY INVOLVEMENT IN PROJECT ELYSIUM. AND I'VE BEEN LYING, TO HER, TO *SHAGGY* AND *FRED,* EVER SINCE.

AND I LIVE IN FEAR OF THE DAY WHEN THEY DISCOVER WHO, *WHAT...*

...I REALLY AM.

WILL YOU *PLEASE* STOP *STARING* AT ME?!

DID DAPHNE SEND YOU HERE TO SPY ON ME-- IS *THAT* IT?

RUH-UH.

SHE DOESN'T TRUST ME! SHE *NEVER* DID!

NONE OF YOU TRUST ME! NONE OF YOU EVEN *LIKE* ME!

WELL I DON'T *CARE*, DO YOU HEAR ME?

I DON'T CARE!!

NOW GET OUT OF HERE! GO ON! *GET OUT--*

--AND LEAVE ME *ALONE.*

end

A NEVADA HOUSING DEVELOPMENT...

WELL, *THAT'S* NOT A PRETTY SIGHT.

THE ADVENTURES OF SCRAPPY-DOO & THE SCRAPPY GANG!

SCRAPPY'S SELF-IMPROVEMENT PLAN!

A zany romp with those lovable, laughable pups, courtesy of:

KEITH GIFFEN & J.M. DeMATTEIS: writers
DALE EAGLESHAM: art HI-FI: color TRAVIS LANHAM: letters

GRAAARR! RAARRR! AROOOO! HISSSSSS!

YAAAAHH!

CHAAAAKK!

HMMM. THOSE SCREAMS SOUNDED HUMAN.

I GUESS *DINKLEY* AND HER CREW AREN'T THE ONLY ONES WHO HAVEN'T BEEN MUTATED BY THIS DAMN PLAGUE--

--OR *WHATEVER* IT IS THE COMPLEX UNLEASHED. GUESS WE COULD GO DOWN THERE AND HELP--

ROWWRRR! ROOOO! HISSSSS! CHAARRRR! KAAAAAA!

--BUT, REALLY, WHAT HAVE HUMANS EVER DONE FOR US?

OKAY, SO THEY TURNED US INTO SO-CALLED *SMART-DOGS.* BUT THEY ONLY DID THAT TO *USE* US.

SELL US--LIKE SLAVES-- TO THE MILITARY.

IN OTHER WORDS, THEY "IMPROVED" US SO WE COULD *DIE* FOR THEM.

AND FOR THAT THEY EXPECTED LOYALTY? IDIOTS!

GRRRRRR

YEAH, YEAH-- I HEAR YA, *SNUFFLES.* YOU AND THE OTHERS WANNA GO DOWN THERE AND TEAR A FEW HUMANS APART YOURSELVES--

GRRRRR ROWWRRRRR

--BUT THOSE MONSTERS WOULD MAKE SHORT WORK OF US.

OF COURSE YOU ALL WOULD'VE FIGURED THAT OUT FOR YOURSELVES IF YOUR *IMPLANTS* WEREN'T DEFECTIVE.

AS IT IS, I'M THE ONLY ONE WHOSE *ARTICULATION CHIP* DIDN'T BURN OUT WHEN THE POWER AT THE COMPLEX WENT DOWN.

NOT EASY BEING THE ONLY GENIUS IN A PACK OF MORONS.

*UH...*NOTHING PERSONAL.

YOU WANNA DO SOMETHING USEFUL? FLANK THE HOUSE. BUT STAY OUT OF SIGHT.

LET THE MONSTERS HAVE THEIR FUN.

AND DON'T MAKE A MOVE UNLESS I *ORDER IT.*

ROWWWF ROWWWF

CAN'T SAY THOSE THINGS AREN'T EFFICIENT. *WASTEFUL*--BUT EFFICIENT.

ONCE THEY'RE GONE, MY BOYS CAN FEAST ON THE LEFTOVERS. SHOULD MAKE FOR A TERRIFIC LUNCH. AND WE WON'T EVEN HAVE TO WORK FOR IT.

ONE GOOD THING ABOUT THE APOCALYPSE: THERE'S LOTS OF FREE EATS.

BUT IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE ALL OUR CYBER-PARTS DIE OUT--AND THEN WE ALL GO BACK TO BEING ORDINARY CANINES. AND I HAVE *NO INTENTION* OF BEING ORDINARY AGAIN.

WHICH IS WHY WE'VE GOTTA FIND DINKLEY. SHE'S THE ONLY ONE WITH THE KNOW-HOW TO UPGRADE US.

THE ONLY ONE LEFT *ALIVE*, THAT IS.

AND WHEN WE DO FIND THE DOC--I HOPE *SCOOBY-DOO* IS STILL WITH HER.

GOD, I *HATE* THAT SOFT-HEARTED SIMPLETON WITH A PASSION!

BUT HE'S NOT OUR PROBLEM RIGHT NOW: *SURVIVAL* IS.

THE WHOLE COUNTRY'S CRAWLING WITH THOSE MUTATED BEASTIES. WE'VE MANAGED TO AVOID A BATTLE WITH 'EM TILL NOW--

--BUT THE DAY'S GONNA COME WHEN WE'LL HAVE TO GO TO WAR--

--AND MUCH AS MY GANG OF IDIOTS ANNOYS THE HELL OUT OF ME--THEY *LOOK UP* TO OL' SCRAPPY-DOO. *DEPEND ON* ME.

AND I'M NOT LETTING THEM DIE.

SCRATCH SCRATCH

AT LEAST NOT TILL I LOCATE DINKLEY.

OF COURSE, ONCE I DO, ALL BETS ARE--

SCRATCH SCRATCH

LOOK AT ME! SCRATCHING AT MYSELF LIKE SOME...SOME *DUMB MUTT!*

IF THOSE OLD REFLEXES ARE KICKING IN, THESE IMPLANTS MIGHT BE FADING FASTER THAN I THOUGHT.

WE'VE GOTTA GET ON THE ROAD... FIND THE DOC... FAST.

BUT TO DO THAT WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO PLOW THROUGH THOSE MONSTERS. AND TO DO *THAT*--

--I'M GONNA HAVE TO MAKE SOME BIG CHANGES.

JUST BEFORE THE COMPLEX WENT DOWN, THEY IMPLANTED AN ARRAY OF EXPERIMENTAL TECH IN ME.

NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO TRY IT OUT.

GUESS NOW'S AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY.

SNAP KRAAK

NANOTECH TO MORPH BONE STRUCTURE... MAGNIFY MUSCLE STRENGTH... INITIATE RAPID HEALING... ELEVATE MY--

...MY...

KRAAAK SNAPPT POKT

HUFF-HUFF-HUFF...

WHOLE BODY...IS ON FIRE.

HEAD'S POUNDING... FEEL LIKE I'M GONNA...PUKE AND CRAP AT THE SAME TIME.

DAMN THAT HURTS!

BUT IT'S WORTH IT!

'CAUSE NOW I'M READY FOR THOSE BEASTIES! I'M READY FOR *ANYTHING!*

WAIT'LL DOCTOR DINKLEY SEES WHAT I'VE BECOME! AND THAT WEAKLING SCOOBERT?

LEMME AT 'IM!

ONE LOOK AT ME AND HE'LL JUST ROLL OVER ONTO HIS BACK-- BEGGING FOR MERCY!

BUT I'M NOT THE MERCIFUL TYPE-- THOSE JACKASSES AT THE COMPLEX BRED IT OUT OF ME--SO I'LL MAKE SURE SCOOBY-DOO DIES A *VERY SLOW DEATH--*

--AND I'LL ENJOY *EVERY AGONIZING MINUTE!*

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE #1 variant cover by Neal Adams and Alex Sinclair

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE #1 variant cover by Ben Caldwell

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE #1 adult coloring book variant cover by Jim Lee

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE #1 variant cover by Joëlle Jones and Nick Filardi

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE #1 variant cover by Dan Panosian

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE #1 variant cover by Howard Porter and Hi-Fi

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE #2 variant cover by Carlos D'Anda

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE #3 variant cover by John Paul Leon

and Steve Buccellato

EOWAN
JANSON.10

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE #5 variant cover by Francis Manapul

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE #6 variant cover by Dan Parent

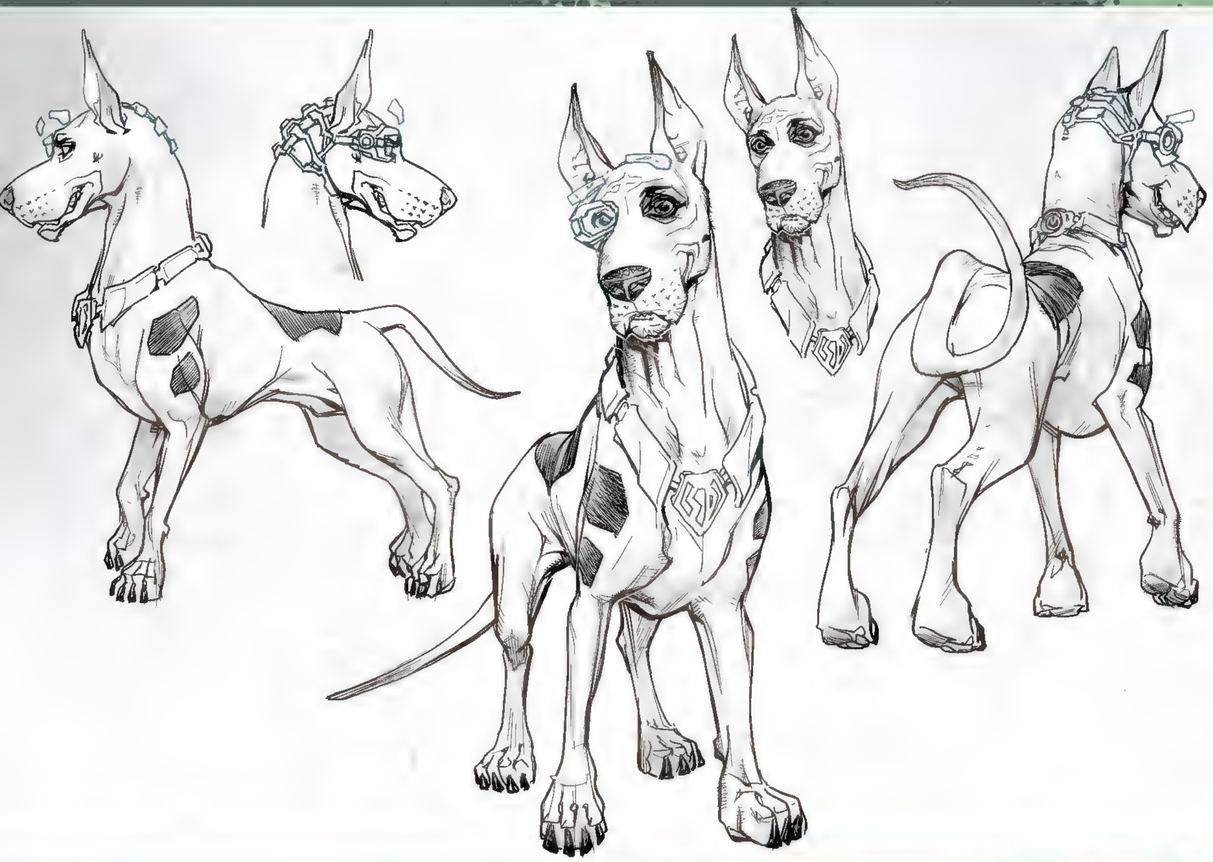
Character Lineup by Howard Porter

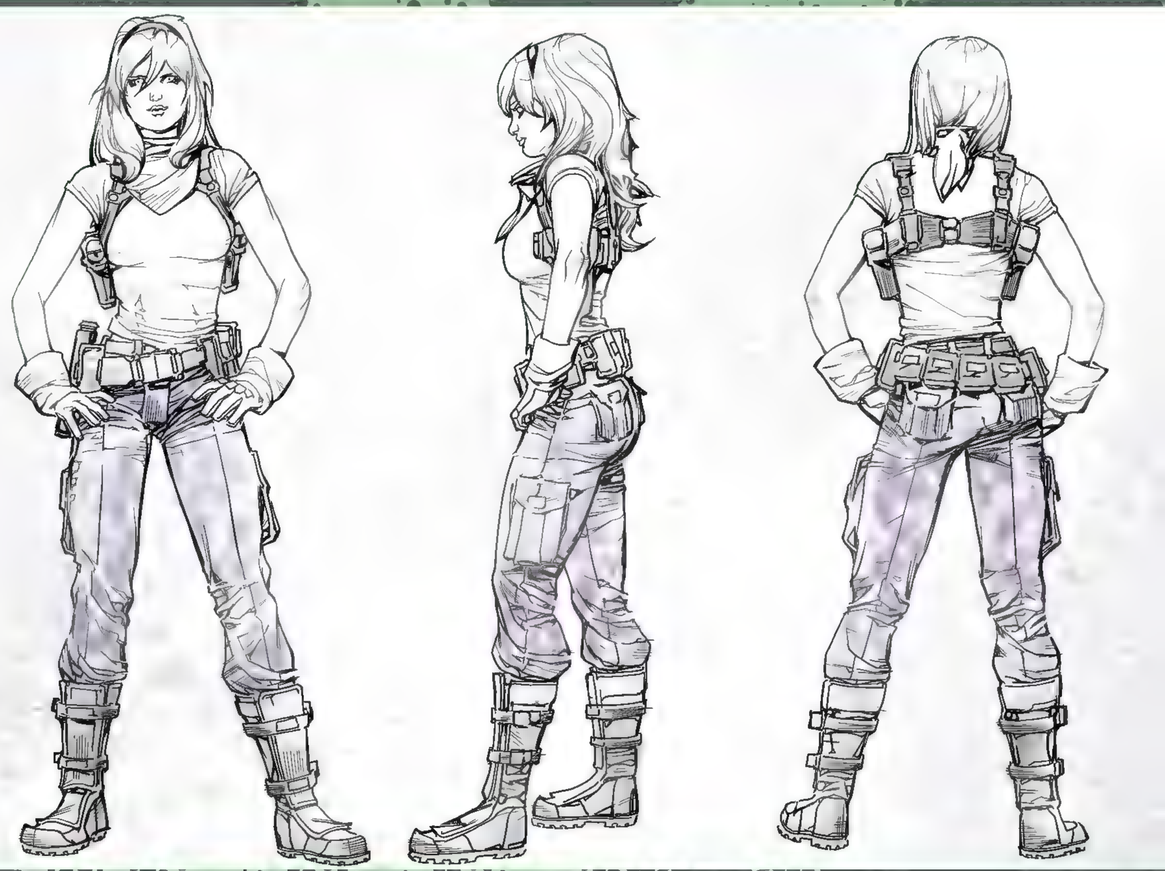
Mystery Machine designs
by Howard Porter

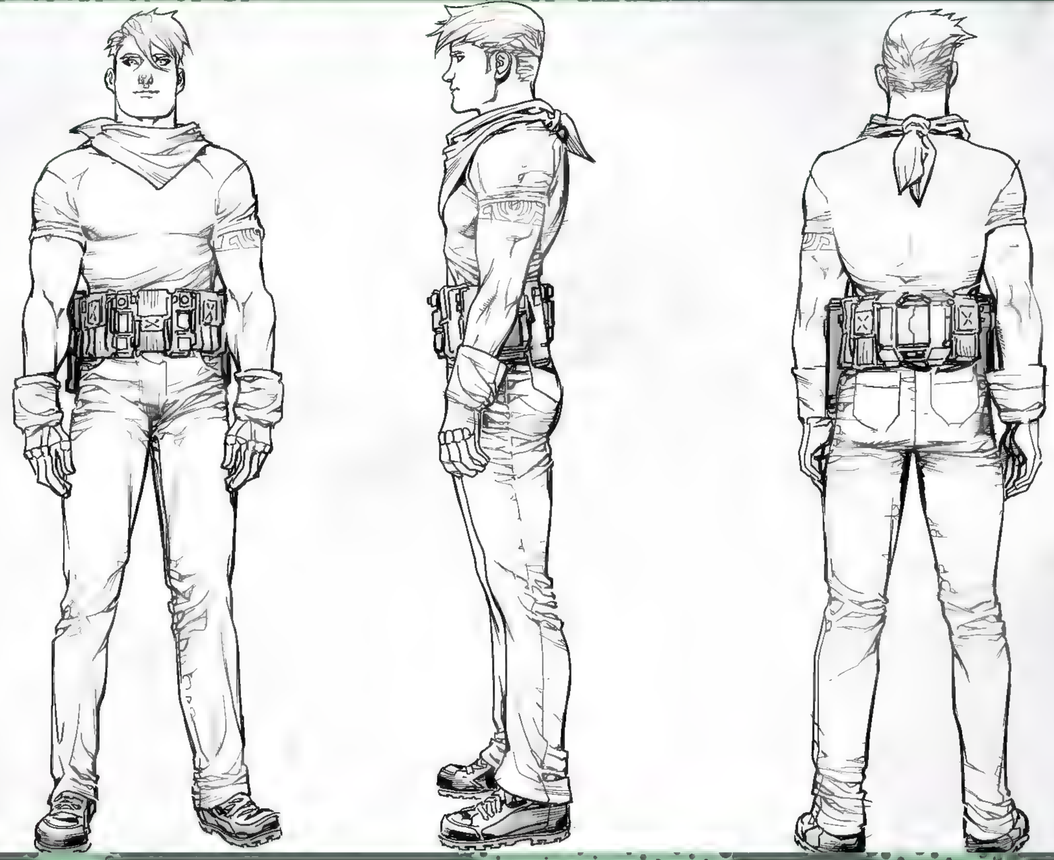
THE MYSTERY MACHINE

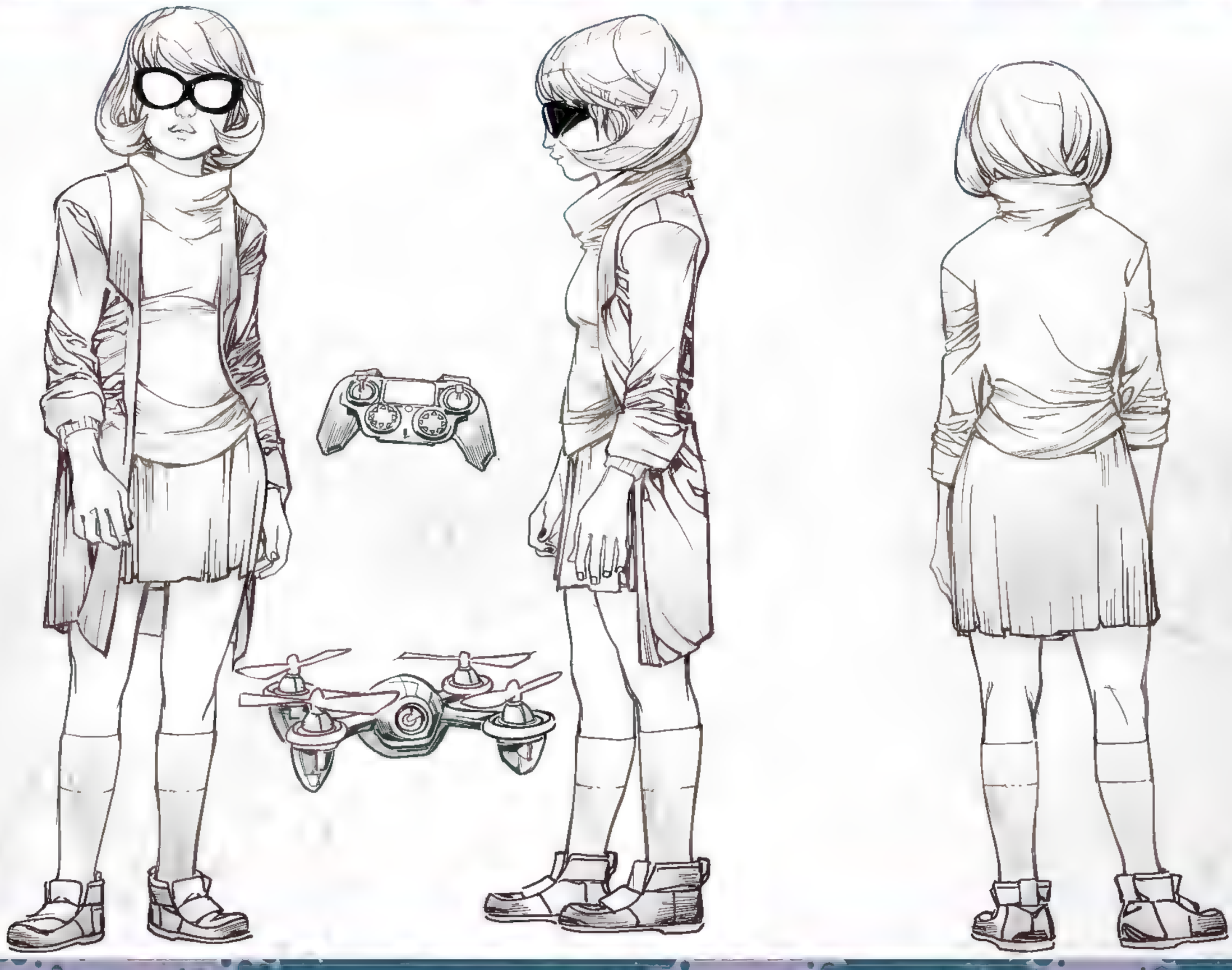
THE MYSTERY MACHINE

Character Turnarounds by Howard Porter

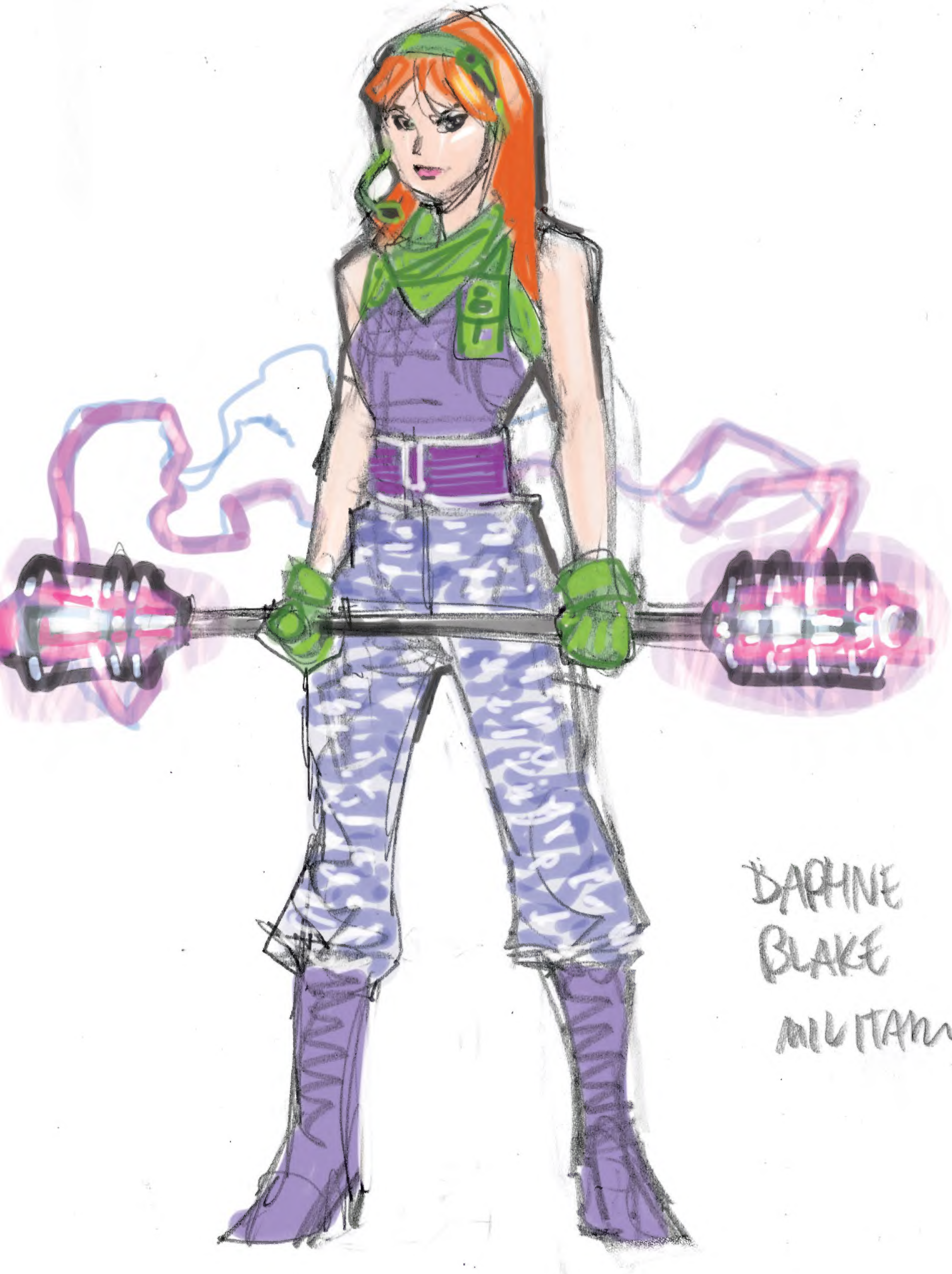








Character Sketches by Jim Lee


DAPHNE
BLAKE
MILITARY

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NEWSARAMA

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COMIC BOOK RESOURCES

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SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"